

GALLANT GENTLEMEN



"The Candle, in consuming itself, giveth light."

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THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

— 57 and 59 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4 —

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YARNS FOR BOYS

BY

GODFREY PAIN

AND

SIDNEY L. REED



THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

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HEROES!

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they, the faces
Faint reveal'd yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?
"What"—they smile—our names, our deeds, so soon
erases
Time upon his tablet where life's glory lies enrolled?

"Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe, and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was
coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left and
right.
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards:
fight!"

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and
strife's success:
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

—R. BROWNING.

GALLANTRY.

AN IMPORTANT NOTE ON THE SEQUENCE OF THESE YARNS.

The best yarns in this book are not placed at the beginning, but at the end!

The purpose of this book is to tell of those who have deserved, by their actions, to be called " Gallant Gentlemen " in the sense of the term used by Capt. R. F. Scott of Capt. Oates, who went out to certain death rather than imperil the thin chance of life of the rest of the South Pole party.

The yarns deal with a variety of circumstances of life and action, but all contain elements of that quality of character which is called gallant.

At once it may be said that the yarns are told only with the view of showing how this quality was called out through a variety of circumstance and motive, and directed to differing ends. Therefore, it is not the glorification of the circumstance which matters. For example, the story of the Guides of Kabul, which appears first, is not told to gild the horrors of war in an age which knows of the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war. It is to show the spring of their action—a readiness to remain loyal to the dead. However, it is the

belief of the authors that their action cannot give to the world what is given through the action of either Capt. Oates, the trawler skipper, or Gaw Hong, as described later.

These actions show the courageous self-surrender born of reasoned conviction or inspired faith. Here the highest values of life are touched, and the stories act as school-masters to lead to the story which is the summing up of all such sacrifice—the Cross of Christ.

Every yarn cannot deal with this great theme, neither are we asked always in life to rise to this height, but gallantry of all kinds tells of high courage, in which moral values are mingled with a certain gladness and exhilaration. Thus the story of John Smith tells of one who remained loyal to the cause at heart when others thought only of themselves, and combines with it the zest for life of the men of the spacious days of colonization. Other yarns deal with the conflict of two loyalties, and show that it is as gallant to choose a method of action which has a higher moral quality as to follow the crowd in its accepted standard. The sequel to *Craigellachie* illustrates this, and will provoke discussion. The principle involved may not be accepted by all, but neither is the way of the Cross. It is not inconsistent, therefore, to place these stories with the story of the Guides of Kabul.

The order in which the yarns appear illustrate approximately the ascending scale of moral values involved.* In this reckoning the supreme sacrifice shown in the last three stories stand as the climax. They are the actions of those who may be called in truth the sons of God.

No book of yarns has served its purpose unless it creates in its readers and hearers a sense of the same values it portrays, and a like gallantry and steadfastness of action. The story of Donald Smith in Craigellachie was chosen because it shows that a man of character does not throw his hand in when all does not work out his way. In the sequel we see how this proved an inspiration to a small company in a later generation. This, then, is an example of the yarn doing its work.

It is hoped this series will act as an introduction to the thoughtful reading of the lives of great men or women, and result in the ennobling of life's actions.

Our thanks must be expressed to Mr. H. Barlow and Mr. Alan Geale for their help in preparing the manuscript.

G. S. PAIN.

S. L. REED.

* A useful summary of these yarns may be gained from the "Hall of Heroes," in "The Fascinated Child," by Basil Mathews (Jarrolds, 3s. 6d.).

“ How can man die better than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods.”
—*Lays of Ancient Rome.*

I.

SURRENDER, OR DEATH?

(THE GUIDES OF KABUL).

Afghanistan is a land of treachery and bloodshed. Within its closed borders the blood feud and tribal rivalry go on unchecked. Attempts to swing its fierce people into the stream of industry and commerce have failed. Shut off from the rest of Asia by lofty mountains, the only approach to its capital from the south is the famous Khyber Pass. The few English who pass through the Khyber are those on official business.

Recently, owing to the overthrow of the ruling Amir Amanullah and the unsettled state of the country, the English in Afghanistan have been compelled to escape by aeroplane. The stories of these escapes revive memories of deeds of other days, before communication was by wireless and aeroplane, when the English in Kabul were cut off from all speedy help, and were often in peril of their lives through the suspicion and hatred of the natives. Fifty years ago the deeds of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, men

recruited from Afghans, Pathans and Sikhs of the North-West Frontier, won for themselves a place on the roll of those entitled to be called "Gallant Gentlemen."

In the year 1879 the narrow and rocky defiles of Khyber Pass echoed with the clatter of the hoofs of cavalry and the march of men. Seventy-seven men of the Guides, commanded by Lieut. W. Hamilton, V.C., acting as the escort of Sir Louis Cavagnari, were on their way to Kabul. On July 24th they entered the Afghan capital. As British Ambassador Sir Louis was received with a show of friendship by the Amir, who offered him a residency within the Bala Hissar, the fortress of Kabul. Within the fortress was also the palace of the Amir and the houses of his nobles.

Knowing well how the Afghans hated all foreigners, Sir Louis's great aim was to win their affection and establish friendly relations. None knew so well as he how difficult a task this would be. However, nothing daunted, he set about his plans with a bold heart. To win the esteem of the Amir was the first consideration, and few days passed without a visit being paid to his palace, where Sir Louis interested the ruler with stories of affairs beyond the rocky fastnesses of his country.

To get the Afghan officers to mix with his men and learn to understand them, competitions were arranged at tent-pegging and lime-cutting, the art of which was to pierce

limes suspended from frames with the sword. The sports seemed to go well, yet little did Sir Louis imagine how it was being misconstrued. In the Afghan quarters fierce discussions took place upon the strange state of things.

“Why do the foreign devils come to our land and practise their killing arts. He called it sport. Bah! It is to keep his men skilled in an art which will be used when we least expect it for splitting Afghan heads and splitting Afghan bodies.”

A growl of approval ran round the crowd at this speech. “Why does the Amir allow these dogs through the pass,” cried another; “it is evil, and no good can come of it.”

In this way there spread animosity instead of friendly feelings in the hearts of the natives. A month later fresh Afghan troops arrived at Kabul, and the discontent increased.

At length warnings of this discontent reached Sir Louis's ears. At first he treated them as forebodings of the faint-hearts, but as they grew louder and more frequent he was compelled to consider them more seriously. Calling together his colleagues, he sought their advice.

“These Afghans are suspicious,” he said. “That trouble is brewing is certain. Gentlemen, what is your advice?” There was a pause. Then one ventured: “If it comes to fighting we must have protection,

for we are hopelessly outnumbered. Should we not prepare the house for defence? ”

Sir Louis did not answer for a moment. Then he said : “ Can we prepare for defence a building in which we are being housed as peaceful envoys? ” The situation was indeed serious, and for some time no one answered.

At length Sir Louis said : “ Gentlemen, we must be bold. To risk death in a surprise attack would be bad, but to make a show of defence would be to inflame their mistrust and dishonour our proffered friendship; that would be worse. There is one course open. Face the malcontents as though no storm were brewing. That is at least good faith, and it may avert bloodshed.”

It was a courageous decision, and each man supported it loyally, though wondering what the end would be.

A month later the storm did break, but it was due to a mischance and not to Sir Louis's attitude. The fresh Afghan troops of the Amir had not been paid for many months, and were ready to mutiny. Seeing this, they were instructed by their officers to go to the Treasury at the fort and they would be paid. Here they only received a small part of what was due to them. In the fierce discussion which followed this injustice, the suggestion was made that the British had gold in plenty; why not go to them and demand some?

The idea spread like a fire, and off dashed the Afghan soldiers to the British Embassy. It was 8 a.m., and Sir Louis had just returned from an early morning ride. The Guides were attending to their horses. Fiercely the Afghans shouted their demand for gold. Sir Louis attempted to restore order, but in vain. At length, finding they could get no money in spite of their shouting, one of their number suggested taking the horses and the equipment of the Guides. Immediately the uproar increased. In the confusion a shot rang out, then another, then some five or six. Who fired no one knew, but the battle had commenced. The Guides hurried for shelter, while numbers of Afghans ran for arms.

In the pause which preceded the real fighting, Sir Louis sent to the Amir in his palace a few hundred yards away a message of protest against the unprovoked attack, and claiming the protection due to a guest. Meanwhile, Hamilton rallied the Guides and made such arrangements as were possible for the defence of the building, which afforded little protection. The Afghans quickly returned, yelling the war-cry of the Sunni sect of the Mohammedans, and working themselves up into a fanatical rage against the defenders, for were not four of them infidel Christians?

Although the men of the Guides were of an alien race to the four sahibs, and some

were even brethren of the besiegers, yet in spite of this they knew only one duty—that of obeying the sahibs and bringing honour through obedience to the uniform they wore.

Two hours later they followed the sahibs in a charge from the Residency, to drive back the besiegers. The attackers had every advantage. The Residency was overlooked, and the Guides who had manned the roof were driven from it by rifle fire from the surrounding houses. The besiegers gained the roof and rushed down the steps, but only to be driven back. For hours the battle raged, until half the garrison was killed or wounded, but there was no thought of surrender.

Again it was thought that a message to the Amir might save more bloodshed. There had been no answer to two previous attempts, and it was presumed that the bearers had been killed. The bearer of the third message, therefore, needed to be a man of high courage and daring, and the one chosen to remind the Amir of his sacred obligations as host was one of his own countrymen, Shahzada Taimus, a prince of the Sadozai dynasty, now a plain trooper in the Guides.

It was a forlorn hope which faced him. Around the house was the shouting mob. If he attempted to open a door a shower of bullets would have met him. Only by the roof could he get out. He crawled cautiously up to it and found it deserted. Creeping along, he peered over the edge. Below was

the crowd, hundreds strong, with those nearest the wall busy digging a way into the house. If he had to die he would die sword in hand. He stood up, and in full view of the crowd jumped down. His fall was broken by those on whom he fell. He was up, and before they could grapple with him he pushed his way through the crowd. But the odds were too great. After a scuffle he was overpowered and disarmed.

“ Kill him, kill him,” came from a score of throats.

Taimus, with an effort, made himself heard in the uproar.

“ I undoubtedly eat the salt of the Sirkar, but I am alone and disarmed, a Mohammedan among Mohammedans, and a bearer of a letter to the Amir. Kill me if you like, but the disgrace and the shame will be yours.”

As he spoke he saw a friend near, a man of influence and standing. To him he appealed. At this man's word the crowd gave way, and, battered and bleeding, but closely guarded, Taimus was taken to the Amir, only to find that it was out of his power to give help. Taimus left the Amir bemoaning his fate, and was taken and detained.

At the Residency the battle still continued, and only about thirty of the Guides remained unwounded. The scene of carnage was made more dreadful by the peril of fire

which had broken out and began to creep nearer to the defenders' posts.

There was a pause in the attack, and, amid exulting shouts, the Afghans ran two guns into the gateway a hundred yards away, and trained them on the building. The Guides were unable to fire effectively at those who manned them, as the rooms in which they were cooped had no loopholes. The shots from the enemy's guns spread death among the wounded and the dying, and aided the fire, which had taken a good hold on the building. In these desperate straits there was but one thing to do—attack.

The three remaining sahibs—for Sir Louis was dead—led a charge at the head of twelve Guides. They rushed from the door across the bullet-swept courtyard and fell on the amazed gunners, killing or routing every man. Then, turning the guns round, they attempted to drag them back, but it was too much for them. The little band, thinned by the fire of the besiegers, left their prize as the tide of the enemy swept back again and the guns were once more slewed round and trained on the Residency.

It looked as though the end was near. Hamilton, however, rallied his men for a further charge. There was another dash across the bullet-swept yard, and again the guns were in the Guides' hands; but once more they proved too heavy to get back, though by straining and tugging they had

shifted them some way from their position. Again, in good order, the Guides retreated into the Residency.

The fire had now a good hold on the buildings, and every now and then, amid a shower of sparks, a roof would fall in. The defenders were driven, as a last resort, into an empty tank below the ground surface. Resting here, Hamilton, now the only remaining Englishman alive, planned the last sortie. "If two of you shoot at the gunners the rest can rush the guns and while I keep the crowd at bay try to get one gun back. Another sortie may capture the other."

The rush was made and the guns taken, and again the Guides laboured to get one back. But victory was not to be. Hamilton was overwhelmed, and the Guides had to fight their way back to the burning building.

The sun sank on that scene of death. What of the Guides who remained? Would they hold out? During the day the besiegers had shouted to them: "We have no quarrel with you. Deliver over the sahibs and you shall go free with the loot you can take. Be not foolish, thus to fight against your kith and kin."

The answer was given with bullets, and the retort made: "Is this the way you treat your nation's guests?"

But now the sahibs were dead the challenge came: "Why fight any longer? Save yourselves, and surrender before you are all

killed. We will give you quarter.' Jemadar Jewand Singh was now sole officer of the Guides. He did not answer the Afghans, but to the remaining men, perhaps a dozen, he said :

“ The sahibs gave us this duty to perform, to defend this Residency to the last. Shall we disgrace the uniform we wear by disobeying their orders now they are dead? Shall we hand over the dead bodies of our officers and the property of the Sirkar to these sons of perdition? I for one prefer to die fighting for duty, and they who will do likewise follow me.”

Then came the last scene. Faithful to the orders of the dead, they marched out of the burning ruins—to die. The fear of death had no power over them—the bribes of the Afghans no appeal to them—only that they should be found true to the last was their desire. They were—and died to a man.

Of them it was written : “ The annals of no army and no regiment can show a brighter record of devoted bravery than has been achieved by this small band of Guides.”

Of them, as of all who have never deserted a post, have led a forlorn hope, or died facing fearful odds, it can be said : “ They were Gallant Gentlemen.”

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show how men remained loyal to the word of their dead commander.

Background Notes.

The Queen's Own Corps of Guides was raised in the Peshawar district in 1846 by Harry Lumsden, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Lawrence. The Corps consisted of cavalry and infantry, and enlisted in its ranks any native soldiers of fortune who were ready to submit to the discipline of Regular Army life for a set period of years. In return they were promised good pay and their fill of fighting. This attracted men of all races—Afghans, Afridis, Pathans and Sikhs. The Corps was the first to wear the famous dust-colour uniform—khaki. The work of the Guides was to assist in keeping order in the Punjab and on the border. Personality played a great part in the leadership of the Corps, Lumsden and others imparting to the ranks their own dashing gallantry.

Sir Pierre Louis Cavagnari, Commander of the Guides at Kabul, was the son of a general in Napoleon's army who married an Irishwoman. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and joined the East India Company's service in 1858. He served on the Afghan border, and negotiated the Treaty of Gandomak, which allowed a British Resident at Kabul. The Amir Shere Ali, who was party to the treaty, died, and was succeeded by Yakub Khan, who received the Embassy, which discussed some outstanding problems; but he had no power over his subjects, who were suspicious of British influence.

The story is told from the reports of native witnesses, who were questioned when the British Government sent a force to Kabul to demand the surrender of the ringleaders. Cavagnari was seen with his head split at one stage in the fight, and then lost to view when a wall fell from the burning building.

Book Reference.—"The Story of the Guides," by Sir F. Younghusband. (Macmillan, O.P.).

Points for Discussion.

1. How far was Cavagnari right in trusting to the hope that the law of hospitality was a sufficient protection for his party?
2. What better thing could he have done when the protection of the law of hospitality was of doubtful value?
3. What would the result have been if he had met threats with a show of force?
4. What was the spring of the fidelity of the men of the Guides?
5. Were the Guides who remained foolhardy in their resolve not to give in?
6. What would be the effect of the story of their stand on their comrades?

II.

IN THE HANDS OF THE REDSKINS.

(CAPT. JOHN SMITH).

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready.
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there
beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world.
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and
the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

—WALT WHITMAN.

Capt. John Smith sat in his hut in an English forest and rested from his toils. It was over three hundred years ago, when there were no factories with smoking chimneys, no trains or postal service, and when all travelling was done by coach. It was a time when quarrels were settled by duels, and fighting was an everyday occurrence.

Although Capt. Smith was only twenty-four years old, he had travelled Europe since a boy of sixteen, and had suffered hardships which would have broken many other men.

In his travels robbers had attacked him and robbed him of all his worldly wealth. On the seas he had been captured by pirates, from whose hands he at last escaped. He had been left for dead on the Turkish battle-fields, only to be revived by alien hands and sold into slavery.

As a slave he all but succumbed in the white silences of Siberia; often his only food was the entrails of horses. Even from there he had escaped, and, after sixteen days' travelling on foot over uncharted wastes, with little or no food and more dead than alive, he had stumbled upon the dwellings of friendly folk. These adventures were, however, but an introduction to those that were to follow.

Sitting there in his hut, John Smith wondered what work he might take up that would best serve his day and generation. He did not seek empty adventure, but tasks which would benefit his fellows, for in him there was a mind more honourable and a heart more true than was to be found in most men of his time.

Smith rose from his meditations, and, picking up a sack, turned in the direction of the village to replenish his larder. Among the villagers Smith heard much talk of an adventure, and decided to offer his services. A party of Englishmen was being sent out under King James to attempt the formation of Virginia Colony on the north-east coast of

America. A few weeks later this party of 105, including Smith, waved farewell to the white cliffs of England and set their faces to the West. For weeks they sailed the wide seas, with never a speck of land in sight, until at last, after four months, the dim outline of the coast of Virginia appeared like a cloud on the horizon.

It was good to feel the firm earth underfoot once more, and each man turned with a will to erect, under the President's directions, buildings that would provide shelter for the colony. This became known as Jamestown. The building proved hard work, and by the time it was finished there was "scarce a man who could raise a hatchet," not only because of the hardness of the work, but also because of the fierce heat of the Virginian summer that had now set in. Added to this was a serious shortage of food, for the sea journey had been difficult and much time lost, and as a result the corn in storage "was as full of worms as of grains."

Rations were cut down to famine margin; each man received daily one pint of wheat and barley boiled in water. To add to their trials the deadly malaria fever swept down upon them. Every man succumbed, and each day brought a heavier death toll, until "the living were scarce able to bury the dead."

After many miserable weeks a remnant of the colony crept back to life, but with over

fifty of their comrades buried. Those that were left were so weak from want of sufficient food and the effects of illness that a sullen despair settled over the colony, a despair which gave place to quarrelling and cursing. The authority of Wingfield, the President, which was never very firm, was now openly flouted.

At length, casting all restraint aside, the men broke into open mutiny. The President and one or two other officers had to take to a boat for their lives, and quarrelling and fighting were rife. The hand of every man was raised against his neighbour, and each thought only of himself. But there was one man that the mutinous crowd had not reckoned with. Smith, a true colonist to the core, had learned what privations were in his earlier adventures, and had not come on this exploration expecting none. He was disgusted at the lack of backbone in his fellows—mostly ne'er-do-wells, recruited from any source—but more disgusted at the lack of authority shown by those in command.

He was tempted to desert the worthless company, as had the President and others, but to him this was impossible. He watched and waited his opportunity, and when things seemed at their worst strode fearlessly into the midst of the mob. His voice rang out stern and clear.

“ I had not thought there was so much malice among you. Do you call yourselves

men? What did you come out into this rugged place to find? Feather beds and downy pillows, with taverns and ale-houses at every breathing place? Bad times we have had, but would you at the first sufferings crumple up like an autumn leaf? Food we must have, and can have, if you are willing to risk your precious skins in the forest yonder. Yet none of you stir a hand to help, but instead, by your foul cursing and bloody actions, you make the country a misery, a ruin, a death and a hell. Shame on you and on the land which sent you, and ten times shame on your comrades who lie buried under the very ground on which you stand.' '*

He stopped, and ran his eye over the sullen mob before him, but not a man spoke, not a fist was raised. "Who will come with me to the Redskins for corn?" he asked. Eight or nine of the more stout-hearted at once volunteered, and in a short time a start was made.

The country around was green with rich meadows, through which the River James flowed an even course, before it plunged into the dense forest, which ranged as far as the eye could see. It was into this country, the land of the Red Indians, that Smith and his companions had to push their way. Owing to the thick undergrowth a canoe was the only mode of travel open to the inexperienced. Up

* This is not the actual speech, but includes ideas that Smith had expressed on occasions.

the quiet water of the James they paddled, with their hearts beating expectantly for the first meeting with the Indians. Brilliantly coloured birds whirred away screeching at the sight of the Palefaces. The red-winged blackbird, the humming bird and the many-coloured woodpecker abounded.

After a few hours' paddling a clearing showed in the forest. Smith, thinking this might prove a likely place for game, bade his companions make the canoe fast and wait his return. Pushing with difficulty through the undergrowth, he was soon lost to sight, and, choosing a spot from which he could view the clearing without being seen, he crouched and waited for any tempting game that might come that way. Some time went by with no sign of game. After a while Smith rose and glanced round before leaving.

All was still; not even the chirp of a bird could be heard. He could see nothing but the tall trees, which formed so thick a canopy overhead that a deep gloom hung continually over all. The ground was covered with riotous undergrowth, but there was no sign of bird or beast. Smith moved to go, when—what was that? Surely something moved in the undergrowth to his right? He held his breath, but could hear nothing save the beating of his own heart against his ribs.

Then came a sound that froze his very blood—an Indian war-hoop rang through the forest, and in a flash Smith was faced with

as wild a group of Redskins as was possible to imagine. With panther stealth they had gathered upon the unsuspecting Smith. Quick as they had been, Smith was quicker, and doubled back, dodging from tree to tree to cover his retreat. But chances were against him, for a quagmire into which he stepped held him fast.

In a few moments Smith was in their hands, and was dragged to the feet of their chief, Opechancanough. He was a gruesome fellow. His body was painted crimson, his face bright blue; a crown of deerskin covered his head, and round his neck hung a string of pearls. A bird's claw through each ear completed the picture. The outline of muscle on the bodies of the Redskins revealed their supple strength. Even the chief's adviser, who Smith discovered was 110 years old, and whose body was covered with white hairs, was still straight and lusty.

These things Smith took in at a glance, but it was no time for gazing but for action, for his life hung in the balance. With the ready wit of a true scout, he drew from his pocket, with a calmness he was far from feeling, his ivory compass, and exhibited it to the chief standing threateningly before him. With the child's love for anything strange, a gleam of interest lit the warrior's eye. Skillfully Smith explained its uncanny workings with the aid of signs and the fair smattering of the lingo which he had previously

acquired. His story of the roundness of the earth, and the course of the sun, the moon and the stars, proved so absorbing that all memories of the skirmish were temporarily forgotten. However, the discourse came to a close, and the chief remembered that Smith was a Paleface, and that they were going to kill him.

After a brief pow-wow, the prisoner was placed in charge of a bodyguard of twenty bowmen, armed with arrows and tomahawks. These marched on either side of him, the remainder moving in Indian file. In this way the company tracked their way home. On arriving, Smith was conducted to a hut, where he was to remain a prisoner for several days, and where Indian women brought him food in huge quantities, enough for six men! What was to be his fate Smith could not tell. Possibly the food was to fatten him so that he would be all the plumper for eating when it suited their fancy!

As Smith whiled away the time he thought often of those whom he had left at Jamestown. He despised them, but after all they were his comrades. Besides, were they not colonists? England looked to them for the founding of her trade, and, as far as Smith could see, the responsibility rested upon him, for they were but a leaderless mob. Could he turn them into respectable colonists? It would not be his fault if he failed; but now, when his presence was most needed, he

was a prisoner. What was to be his fate none could say, but whatever it was he determined to make friends with his jailers.

The chief visited him frequently, and he took every opportunity to fascinate his visitor with fresh stories of magic things concerning the ships on the sea, the earth and sky, and the Christian's God. It was not long before the two became great friends.

The chief was proud of his Magic Man, as he called him, and arranged a tour of his villages, with Smith as the prize beast for exhibit! Every village turned out in the wildest excitement, chattering and dancing round the Paleface like so many monkeys. Smith had had many experiences in his life, but never one so novel or comical as this.

The situation truly had its humorous side, but it was soon to take a more serious turn. Near by lived the great Emperor-chief Powhatan, who had his wooden palace at Werowocomico, and ruled over all the district. This chief ordered the prisoner to be brought to him, and he was conducted down the great hall of Powhatan's palace, which was filled with two hundred grim warriors, bedecked with paint and beads. At the end of the hall sat the chief on his throne, with his daughter beside him. When the captive entered the great hall every warrior gave a great shout.

In spite of being the only white man in the great assembly, in a hostile land, and

beyond all possible help from his comrades, Smith felt quite cheerful, for his good sense and ability to make friends had up to now stood him in good stead. However, as he approached the throne, the gleam in the chief's eye told him that this was going to be anything but a friendly visit. Since no questions were asked, Smith waited developments, and watched while the chief and his advisers held a long and excited discussion. At last they broke away, and two great stones were placed before Powhatan. The Indians who stood beside the chief began to handle their clubs—terrible-looking weapons of heavy knotted wood. Hungrily Smith's eyes took in everything, and as he realized their intention his stout heart beat fast.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, strong arms seized him from behind and forced him downwards until his head rested upon one of the stones; there it was pinned with cruel force. He was as helpless as a trapped animal held in an iron grip. So this was to be the end? With hideous cries a dozen men leapt forward with clubs raised, but the weapons did not fall. Instead, every man stood motionless; but the hold upon Smith's head did not relax. The awed silence which followed seemed an eternity. Why did their clubs not fall and end it swiftly? Was this their method of torture?

At length Smith became dimly conscious of a prostrate figure with its head on the

stone beside him. Quicker than the twirl of clubs, Pocahontas, the chief's daughter, had slipped from beside her father, and, to the amazement of all, had placed her head beside Smith's. Her daring seemed to paralyse the dusky forms as they stood with clubs still upraised. The chief was the first to move. Leaning forward, he raised his daughter and motioned to the warriors to lower their weapons and release the captive. At the end of a sharp discussion the chief stepped from his throne, and, with characteristic changeableness, came to Smith with smiling face.

"Will you come and live with me as my son?" said the amazing ruler!

Within half an hour the man who was to have his brains dashed out was being feasted, and on the same spot. To have won the friendship of the ruling chief was worth much, and Smith's large heart went out in love to this child-race, so simple, so blood-thirsty and yet so generous.

(Continued in the next yarn).

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show how one man remained loyal to the best traditions of his country when others deserted.

Background Notes.

Capt. John Smith was baptized January 9th, 1580, at Willoughby. His father was a tenant farmer, a Lancashire man; his mother a Yorkshire woman. He went to school at Louth Grammar School, where Lord Tennyson was also educated.

This yarn and the next seek to give the spirit of this Englishman of action. To deal with all his adventures is, of course, impossible, and in the selection of the material for the first yarn, while the facts are true, the sequence of their happening is not entirely historical. His speeches convey the spirit, and are approximately in his words, though not entirely, since they are too long to quote in full.

The colonization of Virginia took place in 1605. The President and others were appointed by the Crown, with full instructions as to how to proceed. Since these instructions took no cognisance of conditions in Virginia, they proved impracticable, and became a dead letter. Smith seems to have been the only man who could rise above the privations and develop the colony, which he did entirely on his own initiative. He showed his inborn qualities for colonization in his dealings with the Indians, whom he always treated fairly in trade and regarded as friends, in spite of the many times they opposed him.

Capt. Smith was a teetotaller and a non-smoker. Every situation, no matter how sudden, found him prepared.

Book Reference.—"Captain John Smith," by Bradley. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.).

Points for Discussion.

1. What was the secret of Smith's power over his fellows, and over the Indians?
2. What would have happened if Smith had shown signs of fear before Opechancanough?

III.

DEFEATING TREACHERY.

(CAPT. JOHN SMITH—*Continued*).

“ Who is the happy warrior?
... (He) who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse—to his wish or not—
Plays in the many games of life that one
When what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither thought of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.”

—WORDSWORTH.

To be the son of a wild and painted chief and learn the Indian arts of trailing and killing, and be initiated into the mysteries of Indian lore had many attractions to Capt. Smith; yet it did not fulfil his ambitions!

Furthermore, there were his comrades at the colony, whom he had pledged himself to train into respectable citizens of a new land. To accept Chief Powhatan's invitation to become his son was impossible, but to stay awhile and seal his friendship was essential.

The Indians were to be their neighbours for many years, and friendly ones were better than hostile. It was here Smith showed the inborn qualities of a true colonist. Besides these things, he did not forget that he owed his life to the chief's quick-witted and plucky

daughter, and he wanted to be able to repay in some measure her sacrifice. Had he been able to see into the future he would have known that he was to meet her in England, where he could render her better service than was in his power now. Smith decided to stay.

Powhatan was as good as his word, and treated him as his son; and when, after some days, Smith asked to be allowed to return to his friends, Powhatan arranged for two guides to accompany him, taking with them some baskets of corn. These Smith paid for by coloured beads and cloths in fair value. Little did he dream, however, in what circumstances he was next to meet the chief; and because he did not know he set out for the colony with a light heart. His wanderings had taken him many miles into the interior, and several days passed before the rough cabins of Jamestown came into view.

At the colony things had gone from bad to worse. Though his last courageous harangue had sobered the men for a while the effect was short-lived. As the days passed and the volunteer party who had gone with Smith returned with neither corn nor leader the men became desperate. Many decided to try their luck in other parts, and deserted south, never to be heard of again. Others had succeeded in getting corn from the Indians, but mere handfuls, which were exchanged for the most valuable tools and other articles. Far

from being glad at Smith's return, the majority were furious, for they saw in him one who would command them and hold them to difficult things; besides, was he not one of themselves?

In spite of being among his fellow-countrymen, Smith felt himself in greater peril than as a prisoner among the Redskins. However, nothing short of death would make such a man as he turn from the task he had set himself. Though his life was more than once attempted, he dared them to do their worst, telling them he was their President, and was to be obeyed. To prove his determination, he set all to work: some to improve the cabins, others to fell trees, and others to prepare the best ground for sowing. A corn ration was issued as a reward for work done.

The tasks were begun with much grumbling and foul language, so much so that Smith arranged to have every man's oaths registered, and at the end of the day, when all were assembled for the evening meal, for every curse uttered a can of cold water was poured down the offender's sleeve! Within a week scarcely an oath could be heard within the camp.

In these and other ways this mutinous crowd came to learn the worth of their leader; they came to admire his courage, his sense of fair play and high-mindedness. At length, under such leadership, the little colony flourished, and trade was established with

the Indians, who came to learn that they could trust the President as one who ever carried out a bargain in the spirit of friendship and justice, never at the point of the sword.

The winter passed and the spring came once more, and with it a plague of rats that played havoc with the supply of corn that was to keep them until their own sowings could yield a harvest. This was serious, since the Indians' supplies were also low and they became loath to trade. One day, just when Smith was wondering what could be done, there came into the camp two messengers from Powhatan, who told the President that their chief longed for a house of his own similar to those in Jamestown. Rough though these cabins were, they bore the marks of civilization. In exchange, said the messengers, their chief would load a barge with corn.

This offer seemed too good to be true. Was it genuine? Smith had cause to know well the chief's changeable nature, and he could not but feel that although the proposal seemed all that could be desired, in it there lay a trap. However, he decided to take the offer in the spirit in which it was made, and bade the messengers prepare for a start at sunrise.

With the first carols of the birds Smith and a party of fifteen set out, taking with them the largest canoe, or barge, for the corn.

This time the colony was left in good hands. Up the River James they made their way, with the guides ahead in their skilfully made canoe. The river was swollen through the melting of the snows, and their advance was rapid. Towards the evening of the fifth day they reached the outskirts of the village.

Powhatan greeted Smith and his company with a profuse show of friendship, which was returned somewhat nervously by the members of the party, who had never before set eyes on anything so gruesome as the chief and his advisers, in their customary scanty but fierce decorations.

In the centre of the village a great fire had been lit. Seated round this, amid the dusky warriors, the Palefaces experienced their first Indian feast. It was a royal one. Dish after dish of delicacies were brought: roast deer, corn, beans, dried oysters, nuts, mulberries and other fruits. In spite of this apparent good will, there came over Smith as he ate an uncomfortable feeling, such as the hunter experiences when the small hairs on his neck begin to tingle at the approach of danger. He decided to be on his guard. After the feast ended Smith opened the question of the house. To his surprise Powhatan pretended that he had forgotten all about it, and as for corn he had never promised a sack.

“But,” said he, “if the English can find forty swords I will see if I can find forty baskets of corn.”

“ You must know that swords are not for barter,” replied Smith firmly. “ I desire to be your friend, but if you are not it is not my fault.” Smith’s tone was severe, and showed that he was not to be played with. Some angry looks passed from one bedecked head to another, but Powhatan, instead of becoming angry, broke into smiles, and ordered the canoe to be filled. He then departed from the gathering. As the evening shadows fell the party were entertained with weird and fascinating dancing to the rhythm of dirge-like singing, and to the accompaniment of many tom-toms.

By the time the stars were shining brightly overhead Smith and his men were conducted to the best hut in the village, which had been prepared for them. They were tired after their exertions, and were soon snoring; but Smith, who had said nothing of his fears to anyone, sat at the door of the hut and watched. He listened intently. Nothing could be heard save the occasional snap of a twig at the approach of some night-prowling beast or the call of a night-bird in the woods. For miles around stretched the forest, the trees standing straight and tall in black silhouette against the star-lit sky. In the west could still be seen the last faint streaks of red left by the dying sun.

Smith sat chin in hand, motionless and watchful. Suddenly he bent forward and strained his eyes. Slowly approaching

his hut was a figure—it was Powhatan's daughter, Pocahontas. She informed him that her father was very angry; he was thirsting for his blood, and planning an attack.

After delivering her warning, his nocturnal visitor disappeared as silently as she had come.

All night the group of Englishmen kept their lonely vigil, but no attack was made.

The morning came, and Smith decided to make for the next village, where his old acquaintance, Opechancanough, lived, and obtain further supplies of corn. Many would have hurried from the spot in the face of such threatening danger, but Smith was out to get more corn for those who were in such dire need at Jamestown, and the threat of danger could not turn him from his path. Would his old acquaintance side with Powhatan, or would he offer friendship; that was the question that only events could prove.

On arrival the party was feasted according to the custom, and later the chief invited Smith and his friends to his own hut, where he engaged them in friendly talk. Suddenly, as they were talking, the door at the back of the hut burst open, and in rushed one of Smith's men. "We are lost," he cried, "there are 700 armed savages ambushed around us."

Stunned by the suddenness with which the tables had been turned, the party were

cowed. But Smith's quick brain took in the situation immediately. Turning to his men, he cried: "Come, don't cower there like sheep; where is the danger? There are sixteen of us, and they are but seven hundred at the most! Assure yourselves, if we dare but discharge our muskets the very smoke will frighten them."

With this he turned to the old chief and strode up to him: "I see through your murderous plot," he cried, "but I fear you not a whit." Then, to the amazement of friends and foes alike, he seized the treacherous chief by the hair and, holding a pistol to his head, dragged him into the very midst of the armed savages outside.

It was a critical moment. A death-like silence fell. Around stood the naked forms of the savages, holding their bows ready to shoot. In their midst stood one white man holding their chief by his hair. What would happen? The suspense was electric. The moments passed by, but the savages only stood rooted to the spot. The lightning speed and audacity of the action seemed to paralyse them, and they could only stare stupidly at the figure of their fallen chief in the hands of this powerful white man.

Then Smith's voice rang out clearly in the silence: "We desire to be your friends and trade fairly with you, yet this is how you treat us. If any dare to shed the blood of one of my men, then not one of you shall be

left alive; yet if I be the mark you aim at, let him shoot who dares. If as friends you will once more come and trade, then I'll free your chief. I desire friends not enemies."

This was enough for the Redskins. They threw down their arms in fear and trembling before the Great White Chief, whom they now looked upon as a god.

The old chief and his tribesmen had learned their lesson, and without a drop of blood being shed. Smith's fame spread far and wide, and the Redskins knew that the chief of the Palefaces was a man to be trusted, honoured and loved.

The months passed, and the little colony became well established; the spirit of the indomitable Smith had strengthened and put new life into every heart, and with the promise of a good harvest from their spring sowings, and relations with their Red brothers well established, industry and cheerfulness prevailed at Jamestown.

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A ship lay anchored in the blue waters of Jamestown harbour. On board was the prostrate figure of the colony's beloved captain, badly injured through an explosion.

As the ship glided from her moorings on the way to the home country, a cheer rose from the men who had gathered to wave farewell. They were sad at heart, for the vessel was bearing from them the leader they had

learned to love and respect, one of whom it was written: "Ever put justice first; who would not send others where he would not first go himself; who loved actions more than words, and hated falsehood rather than death."

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show that prompt action and disregard of self are the essential qualities of leadership.

Background Notes.

(See at end Yarn II).

Points for Discussion.

1. Most men, caught in a similar trap as Smith found himself in, would have fallen back on to the use of their rifles for defence. Why did Capt. Smith refuse this seemingly obvious way and choose the harder?
2. Smith won the respect and love of the primitive Red Indians as well as of the English. How did he achieve this? What do you think are the essential qualities for leadership?

IV.

AN EPIC OF ENDURANCE.

(THE CAPE CROZIER EXPEDITION OF
SCOTT'S LAST VOYAGE).

" . . . Not for delectations sweet,
" Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and
the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame
enjoyment,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Do the feasters, gluttonous, feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they lock'd and
bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet, Lord, and the blanket on the
ground,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

—WALT WHITMAN.

A group of explorers were seated round a table in their log cabin. They were waiting to make a last dash to the South Pole as soon as the season was far enough advanced. The yellow light of an oil lamp flickered upon their weather-beaten faces as they studied intently the map spread before them.

An expedition to the rookery of the empress penguin had been proposed, in order to learn the nesting habits and secure some of the eggs of this most primitive form of bird life. Science had little knowledge of these penguins, owing to the fact that the

bird only laid her eggs in the depth of the Polar winter, and by the light of the Aurora. No party had so far dared to put out on a trek in such rigorous conditions, but this was the adventure that this group of men sat seriously discussing.

“ There’s the rookery at Cape Crozier,” said Scott, pointing to the spot on the map. “ It means a journey of over a hundred miles, including the return. It will be a tough trek in this temperature, and with no sun.”

“ It will take five weeks at least,” said another. “ It will be a miracle if it can be done.”

If the journey was to be undertaken it could only be done by camping each night under thin canvas, and with the thermometer registering a hundred degrees of frost or more. Any party attempting the trek would have to face wind that at that time of the year blew with terrific fury, and would double the effect of the biting cold. Blizzards of driving snow were frequent occurrences, and in such conditions marching would be impossible. Further, there would be no sun to give warmth, the only illumination being that of the Aurora.

However, man loves a challenge, and the more difficult it appears the more it stimulates the adventurous to action.

Of Scott’s party Wilson, Bowers and Cherry Gerrard, or, as they were nick-

named, Uncle Bill, Birdie and Cherry, decided to make the attempt.

On June 27th, 1911, to a rousing cheer, the three bent their backs in the harness of their sledges and faced the march to Cape Crozier, a march which was to prove the hardest on record then in Polar history.

It was an eerie landscape. Around, as far as the eye could see, lay the great silent wastes of rugged ice and snow. To the north as they journeyed towered the white volcano Erebus, thirteen thousand feet above them, and belching forth black clouds of sulphurous smoke as a reminder that beneath the depths of ice and snow there boiled a red furnace. The heavens were lit by the great Aurora, the midnight sun of the South, which coloured the sky well up to the zenith with fantastic curtains of orange, green, yellow and purple. Over all there reigned a deathly silence, broken only by the soft thud of the men's feet as they plodded, mere specks in this wild country, so awe-inspiring and so weird.

Progress was slow, for the sledges were heavy. Each man drew 250lbs. weight of equipment and provisions. On that surface a mile an hour was express travelling, and few miles had been accomplished before fatigue and hunger called a halt and camp was pitched.

It was not a large camp: only one tent of thin canvas, with an outer sheet for addi-

tional protection. Round the Primus stove the three well-coated men gathered for their evening meal of hot pemmican, biscuits and butter, with hot water or tea as the sole drink. Breakfast and dinner would be composed of the same diet; so also would the meals of the following day, and all the days of the next five weeks' trek; the only possible variation being the order in which those delicacies were eaten! Many a day they longed for a spread of jam, but even this small luxury had been denied on account of packing, though two tins of sweets were permitted.

Their worst enemy in camp was the intense cold. The thermometer rarely registered less than eighty degrees of frost, and once the terrible figure of one hundred and nine degrees; then even the butter was so brittle that it broke into a dozen pieces when cut. Such cold, besides rendering every man susceptible to frostbite, made every simple action difficult. Their clothes froze so hard that they felt like suits of armour; the wearer had no choice but to adopt the most comfortable position in which to be frozen!

In ordinary circumstances a camper expects dryness under his roof, and looks to his tent to afford a place where wet clothing may be changed for dry. Camping in Polar regions, however, reverses the process, and the clothes, reasonably dry when frozen, became sodden masses in the comparative

warmth of the tent. To keep the sleeping kit dry under such conditions was exceedingly difficult.

The men knew that their ability to stand the journey depended upon the amount of sleep they could get, and this in turn depended upon a warm and dry bed. In consequence, each man treasured his sleeping bag of reindeer leather lined with fur, as he treasured his life. At night, after changing into sleeping attire, which often involved thawing out with oil, they began the laborious process of wriggling into their bags. Each man wrapped himself in his eiderdown and wormed his way into the depths. At times, owing to the bags being frozen like iron, this process took over an hour and a half. Then, having pulled the hood over his face till nothing could be seen of him, he sought the weary explorer's heaven—sleep.

Every morning, when blizzard or fog did not prevent progress, camp was struck, and bags and canvas brushed as free as possible from the ice which had accumulated during the night. Even then, by the end of the journey the bags had more than doubled their weight through the ice that enveloped them!*

* Capt. Scott gives the weights as follow:—

		Starting weight.	Final weight.
Wilson	...	17lbs. ...	40lbs.
Bowers	...	17lbs. ...	33lbs.
C. Gerrard	...	18lbs. ...	45lbs.
Tent	...	35lbs. ...	60lbs.

One morning the party stopped in their march and strained their ears to catch the sound that came across the snow. At this distance only a rumbling was heard.

As they advanced the sounds grew louder, until the cause came into sight. The flat surface of the ice was buckling and groaning for miles in different directions. Enormous blocks of ice, weighing many hundreds of tons, were leaping, cracking, grinding and pounding one against the other with terrific reports, being thrust upwards into mountainous pressure ridges as they succumbed to mighty conflicting forces.

To travel in a country of pressure ridges was like treading a surface in which lay concealed bottomless pits, for from the ridges great crevasses opened and ran for miles in varying directions. Sometimes these were cunningly covered by a thin coating of ice and snow, not sufficient to carry the weight of either man or sledge. Across country of this nature the party pressed as rapidly as possible.

They kept a sharp look-out for the evidence of any crevasses which might hurl them to instant death. More than once the ground under foot rang hollow, making their blood run cold; once the moon came from behind a cloud and showed in the nick of time a yawning chasm towards which they were making.

Once, on the return journey, without a word of warning, Bowers disappeared. His two comrades hurried forward with beating hearts, feeling that he might be beyond recall, and peered over the edge of the crevasse into which by some mischance he had fallen. Below were the two walls of shining ice, and deep down at the bottom the black waters of the sea. To the immense relief of his rescuers, there was Bowers held between the ice walls, which narrowed at the point of his fall. At any moment the crevasse might widen through the ever-shifting ice floes, and the victim be dropped like a stone into the depths. There he hung in an agony of suspense, while his comrades swiftly disengaged a rope, and, making a bowline at one end, lowered it into such a position that Bowers could be hauled to "terra firma" once more!

It was many days before the party, on coming to a treacherous surface, could breathe freely.

At length, on the nineteenth day out, the rugged outlines of Cape Crozier loomed into view. The party were in high spirits as they camped that night and talked over plans for erecting a hut that would afford them shelter for several days while observations were being made.

It was not easy to decide upon a suitable site, but at last one was chosen at the top of the slopes of Cape Crozier, some 800 feet above sea-level. From this height could be

seen the Ross Sea stretching beyond the ice barrier in the distance, the scene of many adventures of Scott and Shackleton. Immediately below lay the rookery of the penguins, with, it was hoped, their eggs.

The walls of the hut grew apace, and were built with the large boulders of volcanic rock and stone which lay bare on the wind-swept mountain side, the crevasses between the boulders being packed with soft snow. A strong canvas sheet was stretched as a roof, and weighted both on top and to each side with large blocks of ice.

That night they all slept soundly, thankful that the first stage of their trek was over, and proud of their new home, built in a temperature of 70 degrees below zero, at an altitude of 800 feet, a home which it was suggested might not be unfittingly named "Bleak House"!

The next day the party set out eagerly for the rookery—the goal of their labours. The descent to the sea, however, proved more difficult than was expected. Terraces of huge ice cliffs barred the last part of the way down. "These cliffs were a monument to what wind could do, being more than a hundred feet high in places, and deeply scooped out into vast grooved and concave hollows as though by a colossal gouge."*

* Description given by Cherry Gerrard in "Scott's Last Expedition," Vol. II, p. 36.

By means of roping themselves together and cutting a path of ice steps, the party at length reached the bottom, but only to be faced with a giant pressure ridge, a mass of tumbled ice blocks of gigantic dimensions. This seemed to bar all possible advance, and the party dispersed to discover a way to scale the monster. No pathway revealed itself to those eagle eyes, only a small hole or crack which seemed to reach from one side of the ridge to the other. Through this tunnel of blue ice the three wormed their way. Their speed was increased by the unwelcome thought that at any moment the pressure of the moving ice floes might cause the tunnel walls slowly but relentlessly to close! Each man drew a breath of relief as he emerged safely.

Once on the flat ice again, at the foot of the cape, the rookery of some hundred penguins came into view. At the sight of the three visitors to their abode the quaint birds waddled about waving their flappers and shaking their heads from side to side in the most laughable way.

Their movements were slow, for on the web of their duck-like feet each bird carried an egg. "Look at that old mother" laughed Birdie, "she's carrying a lump of ice; I bet she thinks it's an egg!" Eggs seemed to be scarce, and sure enough, the birds who could not boast of one contented themselves with lumps of ice!

After making a few observations the party made their way up the difficult climb to the hut, but not before smashing three out of the six precious eggs they had secured to take back as the sole reward of their efforts.

In the hut that night a serious situation was disclosed—the oil for the Primus was running low. More had been used on the outward journey than was expected, owing to bad weather encountered, when progress was impossible. Further, the blubber stove, which was to serve them for the days in the hut, and so economize in oil, had come unsoldered and was useless. If the oil was to last it was clear that all further observation must be abandoned and the return journey made at once, and completed as fast as possible. Also, a reduction would be necessary in the number of hot meals allowed.

In spite of the urgency, a start on the following day proved impossible! The forces of Nature seemed to conspire with diabolical intent to prevent any creature stirring from that rocky, ice-bound height.

That night one of the fiercest blizzards of which the Antarctic was capable swept those bleak wastes from the south-west. The wind howled and shrieked round the small hut with such force that it drove the snow through the carefully plastered cracks in a score of places until men and equipment inside were soon covered six inches deep! The noise of the wind in the hut resembled that

of an express train in a tunnel; it banished sleep and made conversation impossible except in shouts. The men lay in their bags and trusted that the canvas roof would stand the strain, for it was ballooning dangerously.

As the wind increased in force Birdie stepped outside in order to weight the roof further. It was as if his intention was an insult to the might of the blizzard, for in a trice he found himself caught in its fury and hurled head over heels into the snow. Only by repeated efforts on hands and knees did he succeed in strengthening the supports of the canvas. After a few minutes his head came through the entrance—"Bill, Bill. The tent's gone!" he cried in alarm.

This necessary article had been pitched securely near by, but had been torn away, and might now be in the middle of the Ross Sea. Here was disaster. Without a tent the journey back would be almost impossible, for to camp in the open meant certain death, and the only alternative of digging snow huts would delay progress beyond endurance. The only hope that buoyed their hearts was that the poles at least might be found after the blizzard had ceased, and the floor canvas used as a covering.

However, the gale had no intention of dying; instead, it increased in fierceness until, with a rending of canvas, the roof of the hut was torn from its moorings and whirled away. The three men wriggled

deeper into their bags as the wind and snow whirled round them, and listened to the ribbons of canvas which cracked like rifle shots in the gale.

The plight of the party was bad, and each, as he lay silently in his bed, realized with terrible clearness that without a rapid change in the weather the end could not be far away. The snow had penetrated their bags and melted until their clothes were soddened; it was unspeakable misery, and for two days and nights they lay in the open, unprotected save for the four walls, in a temperature of an Antarctic winter and with never a warm drink or taste of food for the forty-eight hours, and with no action possible except to lie and wait either the cessation of the blizzard or the hand of death.

At this point Cherry Gerrard's log reads: "It was a most appalling position. I know that Peary had once come through a blizzard lying in the open in his bag in the summer. I had no idea that human beings could do so in winter in the state we were already in. I confess that I considered that we were now come to the end. I meant to ask Bill to let us have enough morphia to deaden the pain when, as I think still it must have come, the cold became too much to live. I suppose at times all through the blizzard we must have dozed—I remember waking once after this to hear Bill singing hymns—every now and then I could hear a little, and

Bill says Birdie was doing the same: I chimed in a bit, but not very much."

To have survived two nights was a miracle, and at length, on the third day, the blizzard having failed in its seemingly devilish intent to wrest the spark of life from the three brave hearts, blew itself out with a final shriek of fury. The heavens cleared and the moon once more flooded the white expanse in her soft light, and shone upon the three gaunt figures. Soddened and numbed, they struggled painfully to their feet, like men waking fearfully from a nightmare.

Hoping against hope, they began their painful search for the tent or poles, and they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the tent flattened against a boulder in the distance. The cheer they gave sent a thrill of new life through them.

All speed was made for an immediate start, and after much trouble and digging out the sledges from their bedding of snow the long trek homewards began. It proved a terrible journey, and one that will not be forgotten by the one member of the party who alone is left to remember it.* Their clothing had become soaked beyond hope of drying, and, what was worse, so had their bags, which froze like boards, and all attempts to roll them were abandoned; instead, they

* Birdie and Wilson were among Capt. Scott's party who succumbed in their historic dash from the Pole later.

were strapped to the sledge like so many coffins. In such a condition the tough leather cracked and split until they were no longer proof against the intense cold. To wriggle between such "blankets" and attempt to sleep produced indescribable miseries; sleep became increasingly difficult, and finally impossible, until the approaching camp at the end of each day's march came to be a thing which was dreaded.

Under these conditions their strength became less and less, while the weight of the sledges increased daily through the accumulation of ice. Mile after mile across those desolate wastes in the teeth of a biting wind they stumbled, until at last they slept as they marched. Yet in spite of suffering never a grumble or ill word passed between them.

The three frozen figures were at the end of their tether when the most blessed of all sights—Scott's log cabin, which held fire, food and friends—bore into sight and fanned to fresh life the small spark of fire which still burned within each breast, and spurred them to fresh effort.

At last, to the joy of their comrades, they stumbled into the hut and to "heaven"—bread, jam, cocoa, a dry bed, warm blankets and the knowledge of three penguin eggs safe beside them!

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

"That men should wander forth in the depth of a Polar night to face the most dismal cold and the fiercest gales in the darkness is something new; that they should have persisted in this effort in spite of every adversity for five full weeks is heroic. It makes a tale for our generation which I hope may not be lost in the telling."—CAPT. SCOTT.

Aim.

To honour Captain Scott's hope, and to show what adversity was endured for a small prize.

Background Notes.

The events of this story occurred a few months before the last dash to the South Pole in 1911. The journey to the Pole could not be made during the winter months, owing to the rigours of the climate, so the party had to go into winter quarters and wait until the short Polar summer would make progress possible.

The journey to Cape Crozier recorded here was undertaken during this period of waiting. It was conducted by the scientist, Dr. Edward A. Wilson, and aimed at making certain records of the nesting habits of the Penguins. It was also hoped that, since this species was considered the lowest form of bird life, to learn something of the stages of its evolution from the eggs. Owing to the difficulties experienced, little could be done in the way of scientific investigation at the Rookery.

Book Reference.—"Scott's Last Expedition," Vol. I, pages 361-367; also Vol. II, pages 1-76. (Smith, Elder and Co., 15 Waterloo Place). Leaders are advised to borrow these volumes from a free library, for the value of the wonderful pictures.

Capt. Scott's Comments upon the Return of the Party.—This is valuable in that it shows clearly in what light one accustomed to hardship views this story. It might well be read at the close of the yarn.

"The Crozier party returned last night, after enduring for five weeks the hardest conditions on record. They looked more weather-worn than anyone I have yet seen.

Their faces were scarred and wrinkled, their eyes dull, their hands whitened and creased with constant exposure to damp and cold. Wilson is very thin, but this morning very much more his keen, wiry self. Bowers is quite himself to-day. Cherry Gerrard is slightly puffy in the face, and still looks worn. It is evident that he has suffered most severely—but Wilson tells me that his spirit never wavered for a moment. Bowers has come through best, all things considered, and I believe he is the hardest traveller that ever undertook a Polar journey, as well as one of the most undaunted; more by hint than by direct statement, I gather his value to the party, his untiring energy and the astonishing physique which enables him to continue to work under conditions which are absolutely paralyzing to others. Never was such a sturdy, active, undefeatable little man. . . . No civilized being has ever encountered such conditions before with only a tent of thin canvas to rely on for shelter. We have been looking up the records to-day, and find that Amundsen, on a journey to the North Magnetic Pole in March, encountered temperatures similar in degree, and recorded a minimum of 79 degrees—but he was with Esquimaux, who built him a shelter nightly; he had a good measure of daylight; temperatures given are probably ‘unscreened’ from radiation, and, finally, he returned homeward and regained his ship after five days’ absence. Our party went outward, and remained absent for *five weeks*.

“Wilson is disappointed at seeing so little of the penguins, but to me, and to anyone who has remained here, the result of the effort is the appeal it makes to our imagination as one of the most gallant stories in Polar History.”

Points for Discussion.

1. Which is the greater test of courage: to risk one's life in order to rescue another, or to embark on an enterprise for a small reward, as recorded here?
2. What is the highest form of courage you can think of?

IV.

“STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE.”

(DONALD SMITH—LORD STRATHCONA).

“ . . . We detachments steady throwing
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the
unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep
the mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil
upheaving,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

—WALT. WHITMAN.

Red flames shot upwards into the blackness from Mount Craigellachie amongst the rugged Scotch highlands. At many different points flames licked the sides of that silent giant, sending a flickering red glare from slope to slope, which could be seen for miles around.

They were the rallying signals of the Grants of Strathspey to rally their clan when danger threatened. From hut and cabin in the neighbouring district the clansmen came trooping in to answer the signal, and as they

strode from glen and gorge and rocky crag each bore the cry upon his lips : “ Stand fast, Craigellachie.” It was the ancestral rallying cry which inspired each heart to be loyal and true, and dared it to do great things for Craigellachie, the Clan Grant.

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As Donald Smith, a scion of the Grants of Scotland, landed on the north-east coast of America about ninety years ago, with nothing in the world but his character, and faced the cruel task of making his way alone in that country beyond kith and kin, the old cry rang in his ears : “ Stand fast, Craigellachie.” Little did he dream then that he would be honoured by the world later as Lord Strathcona. Donald Smith turned on his heel and began his search for work that would give him food and shelter in that new land.

“ Any work ? ” he inquired of a foreman of one of the branches of the Hudson Bay Company, the great trading firm of the country. The foreman eyed him a few minutes. “ Can you count ? ” he inquired, “ if so you can start on these rat skins. Count every one ; and no mistakes, mind, or it will be the worse for you.” So Donald Smith’s first job was that of sorting and counting rat skins for the Hudson Bay Company, for which he received the handsome sum of eight shillings a week ! Even

out of that sum he saved half his earnings. Before long Donald Smith realized, to his concern, that his sight was failing, and, fearing the possibility of blindness, wrote to the manager of the branch asking for permission to see a doctor. He waited anxiously for an answer, but none was received. His letter must have miscarried, so he wrote again, but still no answer. After writing a third, with no better result, he decided to leave without permission in order to pay the necessary visit, which was some distance away. On his return the manager sent for him, and told him of a branch of the Company in Labrador, which existed amid terrible conditions, entirely cut off from civilization, having but two mails a year; a place that was dreaded by the officers of the Company, who regarded a post there as a banishment for life.

The manager, who had received all Donald Smith's letters, but had callously refused to acknowledge them, then told him, to his utter amazement, that as a punishment for leaving his post without permission he would be banished to Labrador; and, he added, brutally: “You'll start within thirty minutes.”

At first Smith was dazed with the news. To start at that season of the year was impossible. It was the dead of winter, and no man ever attempted such a journey amid the ice and snow in that temperature. Only

thirty minutes' preparation! The manager was more than a brute, he was a murderer! As Donald Smith realized these facts the blood rose to his face, and his eyes flashed at the fiendish injustice. He opened his mouth to speak his mind and throw up his miserable job, when he remembered he was a Grant. The old cry rang again in his ears: "Stand fast, Craigellachie." For a moment the battled raged, then Donald Smith drew himself up, took one long look at the manager, and, without a word, turned on his heel to prepare for the journey.

Within thirty minutes he was facing the most terrible journey in his life. There had been no time to make adequate preparation for the rigours of the Labrador climate, and, with no more equipment than snowshoes, and with two Indians as guides, the trek was started. For days they tramped, ekeing out their small rations, until, through the intense cold, one of the Indians dropped as he tramped. They buried him and plodded on until their food gave out. This it seemed was the end, but ever the cry: "Stand fast, Craigellachie," spurred the gallant Scotsman forward. So great was their hunger that the last stages of the journey were made by eating moss pulled from trees and exposed places. Finally, more dead than alive, Donald Smith reached his goal.

In that desolate spot he worked as a true Grant, year after year, in spite of an almost

overpowering longing for civilization. But the years dragged by—ten, fifteen, twenty long years—and it seemed he was doomed to spend his life in that desolate spot. One morning the half-yearly mail arrived, and Smith opened the letters mechanically. There was one from the branch of the Company from which he had been exiled. He opened it, and, as he read, caught his breath and sprang to his feet with a cry of joy! “As the result of the death of the manager of this branch, you are invited to take the position that has fallen vacant,” read the letter. Again he made the journey that had been so terrible twenty years before, but this time to take the place of the man who had so wronged him, the man he had refused to answer back. He had waited long for his reward.

One summer Donald Smith, after a stiff climb, found himself at the top of one of the mountains that form the wild and rugged chain of the Rockies. To every point of the compass there rolled away that mighty mountain chain—a vast area of lofty peaks and precipitous slopes, of yawning canyons and fierce boiling torrents—a land which had so far defied all man’s efforts to cross its threshold by any means of transport.

As his eyes swept the mighty ranges before him they seemed to fling him a challenge to cross their threshold, to run a railway across their rocky fastnesses, to creep round the dizzy heights and cross the rushing tor-

rents and so bring East and West together. Such a feat was surely impossible—an adventurous dream. It would mean a distance of nearly four thousand miles in all! Even as the thought formed in his mind he laughed. Yes, impossible! The limited knowledge of engineering of his time could not conquer those impregnable slopes. Yet the daring plan continued to form in Smith's mind, and with it the hugeness of the task, with its danger and risk in both money and life. The world would laugh at the very idea, and if he failed would laugh louder. Donald Smith's eyes once more swept the panorama. As he gazed all the daring of the old pioneers stirred in his heart. Scenes of his boyhood among the Scottish hills came back to him again, and in this moment there came again the old cry: "Stand fast, Craigellachie."

The decision was made. The adventure had begun. The task proved even more terrible than this brawny highlander had expected. Public interest had to be gained, large sums of money raised and new machinery built.

Those who did not favour the scheme said it was a railway "from nowhere to nowhere," for at that time the Western shores, where Vancouver now stands, was an uninhabited tract of land. Many, indeed, laughed loudly at the madness of the attempt, and capital was consequently difficult to raise.

However, sufficient money and men were at last forthcoming for a beginning to be made, and Donald Smith's heart beat fast as the sound of the shovel and pick heralded the commencement of what was to prove one of the greatest engineering feats in history. But the work was terribly slow, for public interest soon waned. Often when another stage had to be started and more money raised the old cry of “from nowhere to nowhere” would frighten off men who had money to invest, and it looked as if the railway chain across the continent would never be made. Time and again Donald Smith was driven to seek assistance for his great plan from the Government and from banks. With fresh advances of capital, the line wormed its way across the rolling prairies in the east and crept from the west over the passes of the Rocky Mountains. Yet such were the difficulties of construction that the years rolled by and still the railway had made very little headway. One day, when Donald Smith was in England, there came by post a letter from the head of the Bank of Montreal, who was working with Smith in raising money for the railway. As Smith read he knit his brows. It was a despairing letter, saying that money was failing, and that the confidence of the Canadian people had at length given out; they could do no more; their dreams of linking East and West must end.

But the spirit of this highlander refused

to be daunted. Once more his old rallying cry sounded in his ears. Taking a piece of notepaper, he wrote an answer to the despairing letter before him. It bore two words: "Standfast, Craigellachie!" And they stood fast. The years passed—ten, twenty, thirty—till at length, after forty long years of fighting to raise money and conquer those impregnable mountains, the great railway was completed.

In the Eagle Valley, in the heart of the mountains, the last length of rail was laid. A large number gathered to witness the ceremony of driving in the last spike, made of gold, to complete the line. The mountains resounded again and again with rousing cheers as "Standfast Smith," as he came to be known, raised the sledge to drive home the spike. At last the railway was complete—the railway which creeps up mighty canyons, crosses rushing torrents and climbs dizzy heights—and now links the well-populated shores of British Columbia, the prairies dotted with homesteads of the settlers and the towns of the East.

In commemoration of the dauntless spirit which alone was responsible for the task ever being completed, the spot where the last line was laid was called

CRAIGELLACHIE.

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show the power of a motto to inspire a man in overcoming the greatest difficulties of his life.

Background Notes.

Donald Alexander Smith, born in 1820, a grandson of one of the Scottish Grants. His family circumstances were poor. When Donald Smith went to Canada in 1838 his yearly earnings with the Hudson Bay Company amounted to £20. At the late age of seventy-six Lord Strathcona, as the Scotch lad became, was appointed High Commissioner for Canada in London, and continued in this office for a further eighteen years! He died in 1914, at the age of 94.

“He was a most abstemious man. Not only was he a non-smoker, but he was a moderate eater, and in his old age his custom was to eat a light breakfast, and then work all day without anything to eat until dinner, at seven or eight, or even ten o’clock. When he was over ninety the light in his office in Victoria Street, London, was often burning at 10 o’clock at night, and he was still at his desk.”

Book Reference.—The above particulars quoted from Cassells’ “Romance of Famous Lives” (Waverley Book Co.), to which the reader is referred for further information, or to “The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal,” by Beckles Willson.

Points for Discussion.

1. Why should a motto have such a power in the life of a man?
2. If Donald Smith had answered his manager back when ordered to Labrador, would he have besmirched his motto?
3. What benefits did he bestow upon Canadian humanity at large by building the C.P.R.?
4. The attempt to cross the Rockies by railway was regarded as a piece of daring madness in his day. Can you think of any other feats of skill which are regarded by some in the same way to-day. Compare the Schneider Cup Race, the attempts to cross the Atlantic by aeroplane, Major Segrave’s motor speed trials, etc. Will later generations reap any benefit from such daring? The Schneider Cup Race costs a quarter of a million pounds each time it is held. Is it worth that?

V.

STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE—
A SEQUEL.

(THREE MEN OF TO-DAY).

“ Hold fast to that which thou hast, that no one take
thy crown.”

“ Who is the happy warrior? . . .

(He) Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state. . . ”

—WORDSWORTH.

“ The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.” The words rang out like a trumpet call from the preacher as the subject for the address was announced, and soon he was flinging himself with enthusiastic abandon into the description of the day when Christianity would be really Christian, as it was in its early days. Then it refused to accept the ways of the world in its dealings with men; it even dared to tell the world that it was as ready as the Church to challenge the Cæsarism of its own day, and actively oppose war as a sin against Christianity and civilization.

"A follower of Christ must fight: but his Master had set him a nobler way of defeating evil than by the point of the bayonet, and that was by the power of love to the point of sacrifice of self," declared the preacher.

"Only by the way of the Cross and uttermost love can the lordship of Christ be established in the lives of men and between nations. Goodwill must replace hate. Men must seek peace, and be ready if need be to use the weapons of Christ against the weapons of war. 'Love your enemies; do good to them,' is that new weapon of the soldiers of Christ, and the one that alone can conquer all evil.

"Young men, this is your opportunity. Accept this great ideal. Hold fast to it. Work to make it real in a world which needs to be rid of the fear of war and the preparation for it. Soldiers of Christ, arise!"

The voice of the preacher ceased; but three men listening to this stirring appeal were fired by the truth of the ideal, and decided to accept the challenge: to work and witness for it.

So they flung themselves into the work of international peace. Everywhere where the point of view could be stated and helped forward they did their best. They saw in the international visits of churches, trade union and labour organizations that the ideal was a becoming thing and not a will-of-the-wisp. Then, almost without warning, the war

clouds of 1914 darkened the heavens and soon blotted out the fair skies of peace.

They remembered the challenge of a darker day in New Testament times, and the words, "Hold fast to that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Had the time come when the witness for the ideal would cost more than before?

The three men who had been fired with these ideas walked at a sharp pace over a common near London, and as they walked they debated what their part should be. To give up the ideal would be to give up a thing which had made life worth while and sane, and to give the lie to all that had been done. Yet to keep to it would be to be branded as cowards and fools by a world which had now in the time of war made peace ideals a criminal offence.

Already some who had taken the same stand were under sentence of death.

To be or not to be—that was the question. It was decided that the ideal must not be lost, and that a witness to their faith must be made. What might happen no one knew. Consequences had to be accepted without question.

"We shall want some good anchors to hang on by in the future. We shall have to fight this battle alone," said Number One. "Yes, we shall want to keep the spirit of this day with us in the worst moments; then I think we shall see it through," said Number

Two. “I wonder if there is some slogan which will sum it up,” said Number Three. “One word would be enough.” With that they reached the roadway and passed a house, and on its double gates a name stood out boldly, “Craigellachie.”

“Why, here is the very thing,” said Number One. “A real slogan. It’s part of the rallying cry of the clan Grant. It’s done great things, even in peaceful enterprises. It means ‘standfast’ to any Grant. Do you know the story of Donald Smith?” There and then he told it, for he was a teller of tales.

“Just the thing,” the others agreed. “It is a word you can say which will sum up the whole thing, and give us back the spirit of to-day. Stand fast for an ideal which must not be lost.”

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A few months later two of the three men filed down the stairs of a police court, where they had been convicted by the law, which deemed that every man was a member of the fighting forces, without regard to any convictions he held against war. They were led into the cells, and the gates were shut on them, and they waited like animals in a cage. Soon there was the tramp of feet.

“Prisoners’ escort!” shouted the jailer. The cell door opened and Number Two was “handed over,” and left the police court for his regiment. As he passed the

barred gates the voice of the comrade he was leaving behind came from the cell: "Good-bye, Craigellachie!" Later, he too departed to a different regiment.

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The clear voice of the adjutant was heard in the last ranks of the men on the parade ground. The orders of the day were being read. The close-packed ranks of the regiment looked and listened with mild interest.

"Pte. 3539 has been found guilty by District Court Martial of refusing to obey orders. The sentence is 'two years hard labour.'"

"Hullo! Another of those objector chaps—Quakers—says its against his ideas of Christianity to fight," commented a soldier. "Perhaps they are right, for all I know of it."

"Take the prisoner away," snapped the adjutant. And off went Number One with the escort to the guardroom cells. It was certain that the world in which he found himself did not think much of him, and had told him so. He was now thrust into the small iron-lined cell and locked in. It was completely bare and depressingly grey-blue in colour. Left there with nothing more to do but meditate, he wondered if it was really a sane thing to make a stand for something which seemed so useless as a conviction which did not convince anyone. Was it worth

doing? Was he only believing in a false hope? He almost wished he had never heard or been bothered with such ideas. Then he remembered Number Two and Number Three.

Perhaps they were also alone, and each hoping that the others were holding fast and keeping to the spirit of that day's decision.

“Craigellachie.” The word flashed into his mind. The thought brought him strength. Two weeks inside the iron cell, with an hour out per day, and then he passed on to the county jail to serve the two years.

In the county jail life stood still. Every day was alike, and each week was the same. Every detail of routine was unvaried. Each day the prisoners rose to the sound of a bell, made their beds and cleaned their cells. For breakfast there came porridge and bread, passed into the cell. Every day after breakfast cells were unlocked, and the prisoners marched out for an hour's exercise in the prison yard. Round and round the square in a silent procession they marched, taking care to keep two yards apart, while warders watched with stony faces to see that no one spoke.

Nothing could be seen from the prison yard, as it was enclosed by a high and grim wall on one side and the prison buildings on the other.

Each day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, the view was the same.

After exercise work commenced in a

shop, where each prisoner sat silently sewing mail bags under the gaze of the warder, whose duty it was to report for punishment those who attempted to speak.

For dinner each man was locked in his cell to eat by himself soup, potatoes and bread.

The afternoon brought a further two hours' work, after which they were again locked up for the night, with a supper of porridge, cocoa and bread.

In this way each man spent nineteen hours of every day in his cell alone with his own thoughts.

Everything was the same always: same food, same work, same warders and few changes in the faces of the prisoners. Men became as dead, and a tomb would have been as interesting.

As the days dragged round life seemed more useless than ever. Who cared or knew that men were there because they believed in something better than the destruction of their fellow men. One could not be called even a witness when no one looked on.

One day the monotony was broken, as it rarely was, by the arrival of new prisoners. The leaden figures which trudged round the ring on a damp and misty day woke to interest as new men were sent into the spaces in the line.

Number One almost trod on a warder's toe in his excitement as he recognized the

figure of Number Three on the ringside, waiting word to join the ranks. The dead weight of the months of confinement lifted at the sight of a friend. Would he be able to pass a word that would make him feel that life was being lived to a purpose even in this silent tomb?

Number Three dropped into the place indicated by the warder, just behind Number One. Up the long side of the path they marched, and round, and round. Then, taking the chance given on the long side, Number Three whispered: “All’s well, Craigellachie.” It was the old slogan, backed by the voice and presence of one who had just come from the outside, and it said life is still purposeful, even if lost inside prison walls.

The months ran on silently, and all three finished their terms of imprisonment, and were returned to the units to which they had been attached. Here the same things happened again. They refused to become part of the War machine, and were court-martialled and sentenced again to the same term of imprisonment as before, and returned to prison. In all, three years nearly ran their course before they were liberated, six months after the war was over.

One day, after this, the three walked across the old common and skirted the edge where the roadway joined it. “Ah! There is the old gate, and the slogan looking as

bright as it was three years ago. A good word that. I wonder if the old clansmen ever thought their cry would be so useful to those who were to make a witness for peace? ” said Number One.

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show how the slogan, “Stand fast, Craigellachie,” proved a sheet anchor to those who, in the time of war, faced a hostile world in their stand for peace.

Background Notes.

The interest of this yarn passes from the “standing fast” to the reason for the stand, and raises the question as to what is the duty of a citizen to State obligations. The world war—the result of State policies, which were not necessarily Christian—called for the conscription of men to recruit the armies. Those who had dedicated their lives to the Christian work of bringing understanding between men refused to become part of the machine for the prosecution of the war, which led to the destruction of over 8,000,000 of their fellow men. The remarks of the preacher in this story put concisely their belief and their point of view. In all countries of Europe those who took this stand were either shot or imprisoned for their refusal. In England 6,000 were sent into the Army and court-martialled on refusing to serve, and then imprisoned. Thirty were taken to France and sentenced to death; but the sentence was commuted to ten years’ penal servitude. Nearly a thousand spent over two years in prison. Ten died during their terms, and a number became insane.

Points for Discussion.

1. Should there be any difference between the weapons employed in warfare by a soldier of the king and a soldier of Christ?
2. Must a Christian citizen accept the rulings of the State as final in *all* matters? If the Early Christians had not refused to obey the command of the Emperor and worship him as god, what would have happened?

3. In 1914 two great leaders of the people were discussing what was the duty of a Christian in the call to arms. One held he should support the State, one that he had a higher loyalty to Christ. The former closed the discussion by the following remark: “I believe that if Christ was here now (in 1914) He would be at the end of a rifle.” To which the other replied: “Ah, which end?” What is your answer?
4. Can war be outlawed by fair speeches alone? Discuss how far the following example applies to the outlawry of war.

Duelling was not outlawed as a wrong way of settling disputes between individuals until one man in Bath had the courage to act upon the conviction that was shared by many. He risked being called a coward, and refused to take the pistol to vindicate his honour.

For older boys and adults.—Read the reprint from the *Radio Times*, published by the Friends’ Bookshop, Euston Road, London, under the title, “The Fantastic Battle” (1s.). This might be dramatized with great effect.

VI.

A SKIPPER'S UNSPOKEN SERMON.

(AN UNKNOWN HERO).

“ Who is the happy warrior? . . .
(He) Who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need. . . .”

—WORDSWORTH.

The wind howled through the rigging of a little fishing smack as it ploughed through the deep troughs of the sea on its way to one of the familiar fishing grounds. In the words of a sea salt, it was “a dirty night,” somewhere between 1914-1915, off the coast of England. The clouds raced across the moon, shedding momentary rays through their heavy banks, and showing in silver outline other smacks, bent on the same errand.

Each boat was manned by a small crew of six or seven. Their strenuous way of life had demanded hard work since dawn, catch-

ing bait, sand eels and other small fish in the still waters of the sheltered bays, followed by the preparing and baiting of lines at every few yards; the whole to be carefully coiled and carried to the boats ready for putting out to the deep sea at dusk. Most nights were spent at sea, and in the early morning the return journey made with the catch. Not until this had been sold in the village market, the tackle cleaned and laid ready for the fresh bait, would the fishermen be able to turn home and close their eyes after a thirty-six hour shift, with no sleep. Such is the normal life of a deep-sea fisherman, and each man in the fishing fleet, as it sped to the hunting ground, could respect the other. The brotherhood of the sea demanded not only unrelenting toil but a stout heart to meet the ever-present peril of the waters.

Such peril was always grim and foreboding, yet on a night like this it was made a hundred times more sinister. The inky waters now held a thing of terror. To the lash of the wind and the angry sea, the treacherous fog or the sudden squall, there was now added the fear of a *small dark object*, not to be seen at times, when submerged beneath the waves, yet the sight of which would make the bravest heart quail. Beneath the object there lay hidden enough explosive to sink a craft in a few seconds. Such was the terror of the floating or anchored mine.

From the helm of each boat, as it rose and fell on the waves, a pair of steady eyes looked out from under an oilskin hat, searching the waters for evidence of the presence of the foe. On this man's vigil depended the lives of his comrades.

At times, when the wind abated, there could be heard snatches of song, cheery seafaring songs, from one or other of the boats. At length the fleet reached its accustomed fishing ground, and all hands turned to pay out the long lines, which sank many fathoms into the sea. From time to time the lines were examined, the catch swung aboard and the hook rebaited and dropped again into the depths.

After hours of toil the fleet once more prepared to make for port, as the dawn streaked the east with red. Then, without warning, that fiend of the deep struck its treacherous blow. It came from the blackness with an ugly flash and a roar!

Every man stood tense for a moment, and even amid the shriek of the wind there seemed to hang a deathly silence. Questions were foolish. They knew only too well that some of their number had made their final sacrifice in the struggle for bread.

"Put the helm hard to port," called Jim, the skipper of the smack nearest the disaster. "It's Bates's crew that's got it, lad. Maybe they are not all gone. We'll do what the likes o' us can, but——" The

howl of the wind drowned the last words of the sentence, but the men finished it for themselves. There was little left for willing hands to do. "It would have been about here he'd a' gone," said Jim, after a few minutes. "Can you see anything, mates?" Eager eyes scanned the tossing surface, but they could see nothing but the inky waters tipped with silver from the moon's rays. The deep kept its secrets well. "We'd best turn back, mates," called the skipper, and he thought of the news he would have to carry back to the waiting ones ashore.

"What's that, skipper?" cried one of the crew. "To the starboard, about 300 yards." "Y'm right, lad, it's something floating, sure enough." The smack turned its course in the direction indicated. "Bravo, mates, it's Bates himself, fixed to a spar," cried the skipper, eagerly, after a few minutes. As the boat neared the spar the man clinging to it began to shout, but those on board could not hear. The boat approached nearer, and the man shouted more violently, but the wind carried his voice beyond their hearing. Unseen to those in the boat, but terribly clear to the man on the spar, a second mine bobbed up and down with fascinating regularity between the fast-approaching boat and the man. Again the man on the spar called with all his strength to warn the crew of the impending disaster, but of no avail.

He watched the distance lessen between himself and his rescuers. A hundred scenes flashed through his mind. He saw his cottage home and the face of his wife; he seemed to hear her call him; he saw his mates relating their adventures in little groups by the quay-side; these and other thoughts flashed through his mind in a few seconds. In a dazed way he watched the boat. It was heading straight for the mine. Would they not see it? They *must* see it! He would make them see it! Summoning all his strength, he raised himself on his spar to the farthest limit and roared again his warning.

“ A mine! For God’s sake turn back! ” But no human voice was able to carry against that wind. It was then that Bates realized that no warning could save the oncoming boat. It was his life against theirs. The odds were terribly clear. There was but one way to stop the boat in its course. Should he? Could he? Yes, it would soon be all over, and they would understand. His wife. Ah! But then, they had wives and children too; yes, she would understand. O God, remember her! Casting one look at his rescuers, he pushed the spar fiercely from him and sank! The waters rolled silently over his head.

For a moment those in the boat could scarcely believe their eyes. “ Mates, he’s gone.” The skipper turned the boat, and hove to. The men searched the waters

anxiously for some seconds, and it was then that they saw, what in their eagerness they had not noticed, the small dark object close to where Bates had sunk. It was then that in a flash the truth came with overwhelming force to the crew. The skipper turned to speak, but something choked the words. Slowly each man bared his head, and there on the heaving deep the light of dawn revealed the little knot of men standing in the presence of something greater than life or death. In silence, with bowed heads, they did honour to a gallant comrade.

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show how one—through the heat of conflict—kept the law of “others first, self last.”

Background Notes.

This is a true story of the War. Details beyond those recorded, however, appear difficult to collect. The writer heard the story told by a Padre of the Missions to Seamen. It is not clear if this unknown hero, whose name in this story is fictitious, was a sailor from a man-o'-war or a fisherman. The latter position is chosen, though it in no way alters the value of the yarn.

There does not appear to be any useful purpose served in discussion. The story should be allowed to make its own appeal.

VII.

“ A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN.”

(CAPT. OATES).

“ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay
down his life for his friends.”

THE BARRIER SILENCE.*

“ The silence was deep with a breath-like sleep
As our sledge runners slid on the snow,
But the fateful fall of our fur-clad feet
Struck, mute-like, a silent blow.
On a questioning ‘ Hush ! ’ as the settling crust
Shrank shivering over the floe,
And a voice that was thick from a soul that seemed sick
Came back from the Barrier : ‘ Go ! ’
For the secrets hidden are all forbidden
Till God means man to know !
And this was the thought that the silence wrought—
As it scorched and froze us through—
That we were the men God meant should know
The heart of the Barrier snow :
By the heat of the sun and the glow
And the glare from the glistening floe,
As it scorched and froze us through and through
With the bite of the drifting snow.”

—From *Scott's Last Voyage*.

* These verses were written by Dr. Wilson for the *South Polar Times*. It was characteristic of the man that he sent them in typewritten, lest the editor should recognize his hand and judge them on personal rather than literary grounds. Many of their readers confess that they feel in these lines Wilson's own premonition of the event.

A group of fur-clad men, with intent faces, stood silently watching the outline of five stalwart figures with their sledges, as they receded into the distance, becoming mere specks silhouetted against the glistening whiteness of the snow. A cheer burst from the group as the leader of the party, now almost beyond sight, turned to wave one small arm. It was the last farewell of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, who, together with four companions, Evans, Wilson, Oates and Bowers, were making the last dash of 150 miles to the South Pole.

Scott had chosen his men well. They were the hardiest of the expedition of hardy men. Their average age was under thirty-six years.

It was no wonder that they were in good spirits. They had waited many months for the brief summer days which were now upon them, and which alone would make the dash for the Pole possible. The weather was good, the food plentiful, and each was in perfect condition. If all went well they should reach the goal for which they had waited so long and so eagerly in about a fortnight.

Progress varied with the surface. At times, when the snow was fresh and deep, little more than a mile an hour was possible, and often the sledges became so clogged that relaying was the only method of advance. At other times, when the snow was frozen

to a hard ivory crust, going was easy, and if the wind favoured and a sail erected, progress became rapid. But the ivory surfaces were few and far between, and for the greater part of the way the going was heavy, and the travellers plodded with shoulders braced to the traces. Their way led up steadily rising ground, which would reach a height of 10,000 feet, or a little less, at the Pole. The thermometer for the most part registered seventy or more degrees of frost; such was the temperature of a Polar summer!

In order to lighten the sledges and to provide food for the return journey, cairns were built at regular intervals and stores left beside them, thus blazing the trail for the journey back. In that land of perpetual ice and snow there were few landmarks, and no maps to guide the explorer.

At night camp was pitched, and inside a small tent of thin canvas the five men enjoyed their meal of hot pemmican (dried buffalo meat) or pony hoosh. After a song or a chat they changed into night kit and rolled themselves into their sleeping bags—the polar explorer's greatest treasure—which alone made sleep possible in such a temperature.

Day after day the party pushed its way across the Great White Silence. Each day carried them further from their comrades at the base, and deeper into the grip of the Polar fastness. Excitement grew with every

mile, as it brought them nearer to their goal. Fifty, twenty-five, twenty, and now only fifteen miles.

†“ To-morrow should see us hoist the flag at the Pole, don't you think? ” said Oates.

“ Easily,” jerked Scott, between his teeth, as he pulled lustily in the traces. There was little conversation, for each man reserved his strength and let his thoughts run joyfully on the success that now seemed certain.

It was in the afternoon, and about the second hour of the march, when Bowers halted. He scanned the horizon critically, with puckered forehead. His eagle eye had caught a small black speck in the distance.

“ What do you make of it? ” he queried, pointing ahead.

“ It's too far for our eyes, Birdie,” said Scott. “ You are a regular eagle. It might be anything to me at this distance.

Without more discussion the party pushed on. The dark object began to take on a sharper outline as they advanced, and into each man's mind there flashed the same thought, which almost paralysed their muscles. None spoke. On they pressed in silence, till the object stood clearly before them. There in the breeze a small black flag waved vigorously. To that party of English explorers a wolf pack with bared fangs

† The conversations given in this yarn are not historical, except where they appear in three inverted commas (“ ”).

would have been a more welcome sight than that sinister object. As they looked in dumb amazement they realized that the Pole had revealed its secret to other eyes than theirs. Amundsen, leader of the Norwegian expedition, had outstripped Scott in his attempt.

Those hearts were too loyal not to honour that great explorer in his victory of discovery, but to acknowledge defeat for themselves after so many months of hardship and toil, of careful planning and dreaming, was a bitter blow. Its suddenness stunned the party and seemed to sap their very life.

It was a crestfallen group of men that wriggled into their bags that night, to rest but not to sleep. By the light of the candle Capt. Scott wrote in his log :

“ It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all possible speed we can compass. All day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return! ”

Through the dark hours each man strove to take the medicine in the right spirit, and determined to bring to bear on the rest of the journey all the good cheer and courage he could muster. But it would be a difficult task; perhaps the real test.

The party rose early the next morning, and a few hours' march brought them to the Pole. There, amid the evidence of Amundsen's visit, the Union Jack was unfurled to

a hearty cheer. This mountainous table-land on which they stood had kept its secret for countless ages, and, until a few weeks ago, had never before come under the gaze of man. At what cost the secret had been wrested from its grasp that gallant party were yet to learn.

After a few minutes they turned to examine the remnants of Amundsen's visit. Scott entered a tent which had been abandoned, and in it found a message left by that indomitable adventurer, asking him to forward a letter to King Haakon!

Lying about were many articles of equipment that had been discarded by the party to lighten the sledges for their return journey. While Wilson sketched and Bowers photographed, Scott wrote a note and left it in the tent as witness of his visit. After a meal they set out on the great homeward trek.

It would be a struggle they all knew. It was a march of not less than 150 miles in all, across eternal snow and ice in an ever decreasing temperature, with only tents as shelter and sledges for transport. They hoped for dogs at a later stage in the journey, but exactly where it was not possible to say. For food they relied entirely upon the stores left on the outward journey and their ability to find the trail again. A false march, sickness or a blizzard might prove fatal by making it impossible to reach the next food depot before food rations or fuel were exhausted.

It was, then, not only a trek that would tax their physical strength to the utmost, but also their courage and skill, and no man could foresee what the end would be.

It was with resolute faces and grim determination that these men began the long march northward, back to comfort, home and friends.

At the end of the day's march a cairn marking a food store came into view, the first of the long chain which was to lead them to safety. Here the party camped for the night. The following day, after picking up rations, they set out again for a seven day's march to the next store at Half Degree Depot, fifty miles distant. Their way lay down the gradual mountain slope, but it was hard pulling in the surface of soft snow. Up a sweeping knoll here and round a rugged ice cliff there, but for the most part the tracks led across ice fields vastly depressing in their monotony. The wind swept across the great wastes, cramped their limbs, stung their faces and bit till it seemed to scorch them through to the bone. Always their eyes searched the wide expanses before them for the friendly tracks, which at times became completely hidden by the drifting snow. For long distances no trace could be seen of them, when, suddenly, to the right or left, they would appear again.

At the end of the first week all sign of the tracks completely disappeared. Leaving

the sledges, the party searched in every direction, but without success. On they marched, judging their direction as best they might; mile after mile passed by, but only the unbroken surface lay around. Food was running short, and the next cairn was due, but never a sign of it could they see.

“Keep your eyes skinned,” said their leader. “We must pick up the trail or it’s good-bye all.”

“I guess some of the penguin brothers have run off with our depot, cairn and all!” laughed Oates.

As the comical movements of those birds came to mind his companions laughed heartily. The difficulty the birds had of moving themselves looked quite sufficient without their attempting any haulage feats in addition. But in spite of the men’s laughter lines of grave anxiety were beginning to show on their faces. They plodded on in the dread feeling that the slender link which alone bound them to civilization was broken.

At last a cry from Bowers.

“There, far to the right, do you see it? I would stake my life that’s our cairn.” And so it proved to be. Bowers’ wonderful sight had detected what was missed by the rest. The party veered round. They had travelled far from their course, but every man breathed more freely as he came in view of the lost trail, which seemed like a friendly hand beckoning them forward.

Progress now became easier, owing to an improved surface, and by the end of the second fortnight they passed the cairn which marked the spot where their comrades had bid them farewell nearly a month ago.

One morning Scott's eyes narrowed as he watched Wilson on the march. His weight was coming more heavily on one foot than the other. It was a decided limp.

"Leg hurt?" he inquired as he drew in on his right.

"A bit of a strain I think," Wilson replied. "I noticed it last night, but it's nothing serious," he added with a smile.

Scott devoutly hoped that it was not, as the party could ill afford casualties. That night in camp two serious facts were discovered. Wilson's leg had swollen a great deal and Evans' fingers were giving him great pain through the loss of two finger nails from frostbite, the worst enemy of the Polar explorer.

The days that followed were anxious ones. Food ran low, and rations were cut down. The going became more difficult, owing to quantities of loose snow which clogged the sledges, and the wind, which had been strong for days, now increased in fierceness.

Scott watched Evans closely as he marched, for it was clear his strength was rapidly going. The frostbite seemed to work

on his mind, and depression sapped his energy.

One day Evans stopped.

“Bowers, cut me a piece of string, my footgear is loose. No, don’t wait,” he added, as Bowers prepared to stop and help him.

“I can manage, thanks, and I’ll catch you up for dinner.”

The party pushed on, and were soon encamped for their midday meal.

“Where is Evans?” asked Scott.

“He’s seeing to his footgear. He’ll be along shortly,” said Bowers. However, the meal was nearly ended, and Evans failed to appear.

“Come, Bowers, we’d better go and see what has happened,” said Scott.

After a few minutes’ walk they saw Evans in the distance lying full length in the snow, struggling feebly.

On coming up to him they found him on his knees, his clothing disarranged, hands uncovered and frostbitten, and a wild look in his eyes.

“‘What’s the matter?’” inquired Scott.

“‘I think I must have fainted,’” replied Evans, speaking with greatly difficulty.

Without more words he was carried to the camp. It was his last trek, and in a short while he passed into the great beyond.

Silently they buried their loyal companion, and turned their faces to the North once more. Their hearts were heavy. Success had been wrenched from their grasp at the last moment; the journey back was fraught with danger; and now the first of their number had succumbed.

From this moment things became increasingly difficult. The temperature dropped to an unusually low level for that time of the year, and the wind blew a hurricane. The surface of woolly crystals, too closely frozen for the wind to carry them away, created much friction for the runners, and with the loss of man-power sledging became terrible work, and the distance covered decreased to four miles a day. To reach the food depots at this rate would be well nigh impossible. At night time their strength was so lowered through short rations, cold and the heavy work, and their limbs so numbed, that the process of changing into night gear took an hour and a half, and more. Though no man voiced it, yet the dread possibility of failure began to overshadow the gallant party.

That night Scott wrote in his diary: "God help us; we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess."

Although none knew it, beneath the cheery face of Captain Oates there lay hidden a secret. With terrible clearness he had

come to realize the awful truth that his own feet were badly frostbitten. The discovery of this knowledge seemed to crush him. It was as though he had committed a crime, not upon himself but upon his comrades. That he should cause them to suffer was something that he could not think about. They should never know his trouble; he would keep it from them, cost what it might. It was a heroic resolution, and one which gave him strength to plod day after day with the sledges, though each step gave him stabbing pains that were well nigh unbearable. Above it all he wore a cheery smile, and joined in the run of conversation or snatch of song in the tent at nights.

But to hide the trouble for long from those around was beyond even the iron endurance of a Capt. Oates. His uneasy tread was soon noticed.

“Better let Wilson look at your feet to-night,” said Scott.

Oates’ face set hard. The truth was out. His whole soul sickened as he realized it. That night, after the usual laborious change, Oates submitted his feet to inspection without protest.

Wilson looked at him long as he saw their cruel condition, and the glance told more than words could have done his admiration at the heroic fight that Oates had put up. He proceeded to dress the feet, but it was little that he could do to ease the pain.

That night at supper the conversation ran on anything rather than the facts of their position. To allow despair to take control would be to lose every ounce of energy and court disaster. Nothing but the will to overcome, and the will to keep cheerful, could preserve them.

Time after time their laughter rang out into the silence, or snatches of song came vibrating through the canvas of the tent, the only sign of life in that land of snow.

The grey dawn broke upon the little party as they rose to face another day's strenuous pulling, and for Oates another agonizing march. There was one hope that inspired their hearts. Dog teams were expected at the next depot, or the one after, and with this knowledge they pressed forward, exerting every effort to make greater speed. The surface favoured them, and at length they arrived at the first depot, but only to find it silent, with no sign of dog teams. Only stopping as long as they dared for rest, they picked up fresh supplies and pushed forward, hoping that at the next depot for certain the blessed sound of dogs barking would welcome them. When, however, it was at length reached it was as silent as the last. Yet another blow to the weary men. All things seemed to be working against them. As Captain Oates looked ahead at those miles of snow, across which there was now nothing to propel them but

their own efforts, he knew with grim certainty that the distance could never be covered by him. His eyes wandered to his loyal companions, who had already wasted many precious hours of their time because of his slow pace. They had never complained, though each delay had made their chances of escape less. They had done all that was in their power for him. He longed for their strength, weakened though it was, for with it they had a chance of pulling through. “A chance of pulling through. A chance of pulling through.” The words surged through his brain like fire. Yes, it was true. They had a chance, but not with him as a drag upon them.

He shuddered as the terrible truth grew clear in his mind. In his hands lay the power to give them that chance of pulling through.

He gazed ahead of him. For a moment there came a wild look in his eye, as a man hemmed in by odds too great for him. Then a new light, inspired by a new power.

That night the party camped as usual. The sides of the tent shook in the wind.

In the morning Scott lifted the tent flap.

“It’s snowing hard; a real blizzard,” he remarked.

Hearing Scott’s words, Oates rose, and, catching the tent flap as it fell, turned to his comrades, remarking: “‘I’m just going outside for a bit. I may be some time.’”

With that he stooped, passed through the gap, and was gone!

Further and further from the cheer of the tent that figure moved, with head bent in the teeth of the blizzard.

On and on he went—whither he knew not—anywhere as long as the distance increased between him and those he loved so well. Through the uncharted wastes he limped, until he dropped in his tracks.

The great white South, which keeps its secrets jealously, alone knows the place where that Greatheart walked to his death to give his comrades life.

In the tent a few hours later, in a silence which spoke more deeply than words the feelings of the three remaining men, Captain Scott stretched for his log-book, and wrote: "So died a very gallant gentleman."

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show that "no man hath greater love than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Background Notes.

This yarn is taken from Capt. Scott's diary, published under the title: "Scott's Last Expedition." It will be worth while getting this book from a library or a friend; the photos in it will be of great interest in connection with the yarn.

The expedition took place in 1911. Scott's party had reached a point 150 miles from the Pole. The remainder of the journey could only be completed by picked men who could travel as lightly and as quickly as possible. This yarn only deals with this last dash to the Pole. Apparently

the reason why the dog teams failed to meet Scott on his return was that they, too, had been met by a blizzard which made progress impossible.

There appears to be no reason for a discussion to follow this yarn.

Book Reference.—“Scott’s Last Expedition” (2 vols.). Smith, Elder and Co., 15 Waterloo Place.

THE EPILOGUE.

(See next page).

It is difficult to know how best to deal with the facts concerning the end of Capt. Scott and his comrades. The story of Capt. Oates is so closely linked with the fate of the party that it cannot be left out. To include it after the story of Oates would be to detract from the force of that story by introducing fresh situations. The climax comes with the sacrifice of Capt. Oates, and from a yarn point of view should end there. It is therefore suggested that on *another* occasion the story of Capt. Oates is recalled and the Epilogue added.

EPILOGUE.

“ To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

At the base depot on the Ice Barrier the remainder of Capt. Scott's party waited eagerly for the return of their beloved Captain, and the news of his success in reaching the Pole.

The four weeks allotted for the journey passed, and the excitement grew with the passing of each day. Five weeks, six, passed by, and no sign of the little party. Eager-ness gave place to anxiety. Seven weeks, two months passed, and still they waited. That Scott and his comrades would not return seemed impossible, and still they hoped, until, as the dread Polar winter set in, the plain truth became evident. Scott and his gallant party had met their end.

Search work was impossible in the winter storms, and eight months passed before the work began in earnest.

Across the miles of snow wastes they tramped, their eyes sweeping the panorama for the slightest hint that might guide them to their dead comrades. It was not long before, in the distance, the outlines of a tent became visible. Eagerly they pressed for-

ward, and approached it with a sense of awe—it was the tent of their Captain. Inside lay three figures still and silent. “Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them. Scott had died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders, and his arm flung across Wilson.” So the search party describes the three warriors who had long since done their last trek.

The great sacrifice of Capt. Oates had given them a possible chance of getting through, but they were in such a low state that the chance seemed thin indeed. But chance there was. Bowers, the fittest of the company, had determined to finish the trek alone and bring help. Even as he prepared for this one last chance the blizzard robbed them of it.

So nearly had they won. Over 800 miles had they battled their way, and now, with only eleven miles to go, the Antarctic in one of its wildest moods—a nine days’ blizzard—had ruthlessly snatched from them the last spark of life when within sight of home.

In the grip of the Great White South, and amid the howl of the blizzard, those who had fought a good fight breathed their last.

The letters and diary of Scott were alone left to tell the tale. Reverently the letters

were drawn from the wallet, and, months after, the world knew some of their contents :

“ TO MRS. WILSON :

“ If this letter reaches you, Bill and I will have gone out altogether. We are very near the end now, and I should like you to know how splendid he was at the very end—everlastingly cheerful, and ready to sacrifice himself for others—never a word of blame to me for leading him into this mess. . . . His eyes have a comfortable blue look of hope, and his mind is peaceful with the satisfaction of his faith regarding himself, as part of the great scheme of the Almighty. I can do no more than tell you he died as he lived—a brave, true man—the best of comrades and staunchest of friends.”

“ TO MRS. BOWERS :

“ He had come to be one of my closest and soundest friends, and I appreciate his wonderful, upright nature, his ability and energy. As the troubles have thickened his dauntless spirit ever shone brighter. . . . The ways of Providence are inscrutable, but there must be some reason why such a young, vigorous and promising life is taken.”

“ TO SIR JAMES BARRIE :

“ We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. Hoping this letter may be found and sent you, I write you a word of farewell.

. . . I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a humble pleasure which I had planned for the future on our long marches. . . . We are in a desperate state, feet frozen, etc. No fuel and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and the cheery conversation. . . . (Later). We are very near the end, but have not, and will not, lose our good cheer. . . . We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally in the track. . . . ”

Over the spot where the tent stood there stands a cross, bearing the words: “To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.”

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

For “Background Notes” see end of previous yarn.

Points for Discussion.

1. What do you think made Capt. Scott attempt this exploration?

(NOTE.—It is significant that Scott says his besetting sin was indolence. In order to cure it he took up this strenuous life. In his last letter to his wife he suggests that his boy “must guard, and you must guard him, against indolence. Make him a strenuous man. I had to force myself into being strenuous, as you know.”)

2. Are such expeditions of any use to the world? What is the most valuable thing this adventure contributes to the knowledge of mankind?

VIII.

“ HOW BETTER CAN A MAN DIE ? ”

(GAW HONG).

“ Thy father drew his sword in the North :
With his thousands strong he has marched forth.
Thy brother has armed himself in steel
To avenge the wrongs thy people feel.

The hand of vengeance sought the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled !
The iron hand crushed the tyrant's head,
And became the tyrant in his stead !

Until the tyrant himself relent,
The tyrant who first the black bow bent ;
Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain ;
Resistance and war is the tyrant's gain.

But vain the sword and vain the bow—
They never can work war's overthrow ;
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

The tear is an intellectual thing,
And the sigh is the sword of an angel king,
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

But the prayer of love and forgiveness sweet,
And submission to death beneath his feet,
For the tear shall melt the sword of steel,
And every wound it has made shall heal.”

—From *The Grey Monk*, by W. BLAKE.

In the woods and valleys among the high
mountains in the east of the Island of
Formosa live wild tribes of aborigines who

are head-hunters. They were driven into the mountains by the Chinese, who invaded the island and took possession of its western plains and the foothills of the mountains. To-day the head-hunters live their lives as in the past, but within an area closely fenced by guard-houses erected by the Japanese, the present rulers of the island. Within this area headhunting still goes on between the various tribes. The natives believe that after death the soul climbs a rainbow, and there meets three guardian spirits. The first looks to see if there are bloodstains on the soul's hands. If there are, it is taken to the second spirit, who passes it on to the third and great spirit, who gives a welcome measured according to the amount of blood on the soul's hands. If there is no bloodstain on the soul's hands the second spirit hurls it into the depths of the sea.

During the days of the eighteenth century, when the Chinese were pushing the head-hunters into their last stronghold among the mountains, head-hunting had more than a religious motive. In revenge for the loss of their lands, the head-hunters would steal from their mountain villages and lie in wait for the Chinese as they passed through the forest, and then pounce on them, take off their heads, put them into string bags and slip silently back to their villages. These raids were met with counter atrocities by the Chinese, and so the long vendetta began.

In spite of this enmity there was one Chinaman who found it possible to win the confidence of the aborigines. His name was Gaw Hong. He was a poor scholar, who had come to live in Kagi, near the Arizan mountains. Going in among them, he taught them many useful things, and through his sympathy and kindness won their confidence and esteem.

It happened one day that the magistrate of the district which included the head-hunters' villages died, and because of his friendly relations with the natives Gaw Hong was appointed to the vacant office.

He saw at once that he had a chance of asking the head-hunters to do something for his sake. Calling the leaders of the tribes together, he said to them: "I am your friend. You have known me now some years. Because of my office I have a duty to both you and the Chinese. Will you help me for the sake of our friendship?" The leaders replied: "We are ready to help you, since we know that you are good and just, and not selfish and cruel like former magistrates."

"I am going to ask much of you," said Gaw. "You can best help me by not going to the foothills and plains to hunt heads, and living at peace with the Chinese."

This was no little thing their friend had asked, but after some debate they gave their word that they would do as he asked, for they loved him dearly.

Things went well for a long time. The mountaineers kept their word, and travellers passed through the forest without the fear that a head-hunter would be dogging their steps in search for a victim to show his prowess and bravery. But in their heart of hearts the natives wondered what their fate would be if they were summoned to appear before the great spirit on the rainbow without blood on their hands. Then, too, it would appear to other tribes that they had settled down as vassals of the Chinese. As the annual festival in honour of heaven approached there was much debate in the villages, for at the festival heads were offered to the spirits to propitiate them. The promise to Gaw Hong meant that they would imperil their safety. Something must be done. They could not restrain their fears, and went to Gaw Hong to plead their cause, and told him of the need to placate heaven. “Let us take but one head,” they said, “it will show that we are still men, and save our villages from any impending ill.”

Gaw Hong saw what was involved by the request. One head taken and the old feud would break out in the district, and atrocity would be answered with atrocity. He saw also the fear that was in the hearts of the villagers, and their determination to appease the spirits they worshipped. With sinking heart, he realized that friendship was not enough to break the power of the

ideas and customs of his beloved mountaineers. One head had been asked for, but would the demand end there? Each year at least it would be made. He asked time to think out the problem. For many hours he sought a solution to it. Then he summoned the chiefs, and told them that he had an answer to their demands.

They waited his words eagerly. "I agree to what you ask," he said. "I will arrange that a man will be passing at a certain point in the forest pathway. His head you may take for the worship of heaven." The chiefs went away pleased, and began to prepare for the festival.

In the villages the preparations for the festival were completed, and the chiefs met to select one of their number to stalk once more the traveller who would pass along the forest road. The selected man armed himself, secured the head-bag to his girdle and stole down the forest road to lurk in ambush for his victim.

He waited with an arrow on his bow-string, and peered through the trees to catch a glimpse of any passing traveller. The hours passed; then, as the shadows deepened, he saw a man with bent head coming all unsuspectingly along the forest pathway. Crouching low in the undergrowth, the chief drew his bow as the man came abreast of him and took aim. The arrow sped with a hiss to its mark, and the man dropped. Into the

pathway the chief leaped, and, severing the head with his short sword, he thrust it into his bag and disappeared in the forest, exultingly, and made his way back to the village.

On his arrival he was greeted with shouts of acclamation, for the offering to the spirits was now possible.

The chiefs gathered in a circle as he placed the bag on the floor in the centre. He knelt to undo it, while the others watched to see him take out the head. The strings were loosened, and the head was plainly seen as the bag dropped flat.

A cry of horror and amazement broke from the circle, for the head of the traveller was the head of their beloved and trusted friend, Gaw Hong.

What did it mean? Had their demand for one head meant that he had arranged that it should be his that should be taken?

The recalled his sad face when they made their demand, and the way he had looked when he said: “I agree.”

Their fears and their festival did not demand him as victim and offering. They were not worth his life. Bitterly they reproached themselves for their foolish beliefs, which had cost them so dearly and inflicted such an injury on a friend. His life was given to save others.

There and then they swore they would head-hunt no more. For more than 150 years the oath has been kept.

Gaw Hong was buried, and a temple built to honour his memory. Two scrolls stand beside his statue. On the one is written: "Although a thousand years should pass, you will still be alive." On the other is written: "To give one's body to be killed is an act of perfect love."

When the Japanese took over the island in 1895 they learned of Gaw Hong's sacrifice, and restored the shrine.

At the entrance the governor placed this inscription: "A candle, in consuming itself, giveth light."

NOTES FOR LEADERS.

Aim.

To show how one man bore in his body the sins of the people, and the redeeming power of self-sacrifice.

Background Notes.

FORMOSA.—The island lies 300 miles to the east of China (latitude 120° to 122° east of Greenwich and longitude 25° to 22° north. Its area is about twice the size of Wales. The western plain is very fertile, and is inhabited by the Chinese and the "tamed" savages, but the Chinese are in a great majority. The centre and east of the island rises into great mountain ranges to the height of nearly 14,000 feet. The cliffs on the eastern coast drop sheer down from 3,000 to 6,000 feet, making an impressive sight. In the mountain ranges the head-hunters still live enclosed by a chain of block-houses, guarded by police. The aborigines have racial affinities with the natives of Borneo. They live in scattered villages, and no attempt is made to civilize them by peaceful penetration. The relation of Formosa to the West is of interest. Portuguese sailors were the first to visit it. They called it "Ilha Formosa," "Beautiful Isle." The Dutch founded a settlement there in the 17th Century, and their missionaries worked there for thirty years. A Chinese pirate, Koxinga,

drove the Dutch out in 1662, and gradually the Chinese took possession of the plains and foothills. The savages of the low hills were subdued, and imitated the Chinese in manners and ideas. The savages in the high mountains never submitted, and raided the settlements, or attacked the Chinese as they worked at cutting and burning camphor trees.

GAW HONG.—The main fact of his sacrifice is unchallenged. The temple at Kagi proves this, and some of his descendants still live near by. Gaw Hong appears to have been a “resident magistrate.” The Japanese gained the island in 1895, as a concession after the Chino—Japanese War.

Points for Discussion.

1. Why did not Gaw Hong arrange for, say, a criminal, to be sent to death for the sake of the head-hunters?
2. What made the difference between such an idea and his own?
3. Discuss what Gaw Hong was reckoning on happening in the minds of the head-hunters when they saw they had taken his head?
4. Why do the consequences brought home to the doer of an evil deed rouse fear, remorse and contrition?

Other Notes.

- (a) Read the description of the scene in the shell hole, from “All Quiet on the Western Front,”* to illustrate the feelings of one who has killed his man; or the scene after the burning of St. Joan.†
- (b) Relate this idea of the sight of the innocent victim with the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and its description of the man whose visage was marred.
- (c) Show how Jesus understood the whole meaning of that chapter, and entered into its idea of redemptive sacrifice by accepting the Cross. “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.”
- (d) Point out that in this, and in the two previous yarns with the same motive, comes the challenge to us to “take up His Cross.” Is it sometimes necessary for a Christ to die in each generation?

* Putnam, 8s. 6d.

† “St. Joan,” scene vi, page 95, by Bernard Shaw. (Constable, 6s.).

“ Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free. . . ”

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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